

No. 3

MAY, 1937

# *Detective* COMICS

10¢



IN ALL MY YEARS OF DETECTIVE  
WORK I HAVE NEVER FOUND  
BETTER MAGAZINES THAN  
**MORE FUN COMICS AND  
NEW  
ADVENTURE  
COMICS**



MAY, 1937

# Detective COMICS

VOL. I No. 3

MALCOLM WHEELER-NICHOLSON

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# SPEED SAUNDERS

AND THE RIVER PATROL

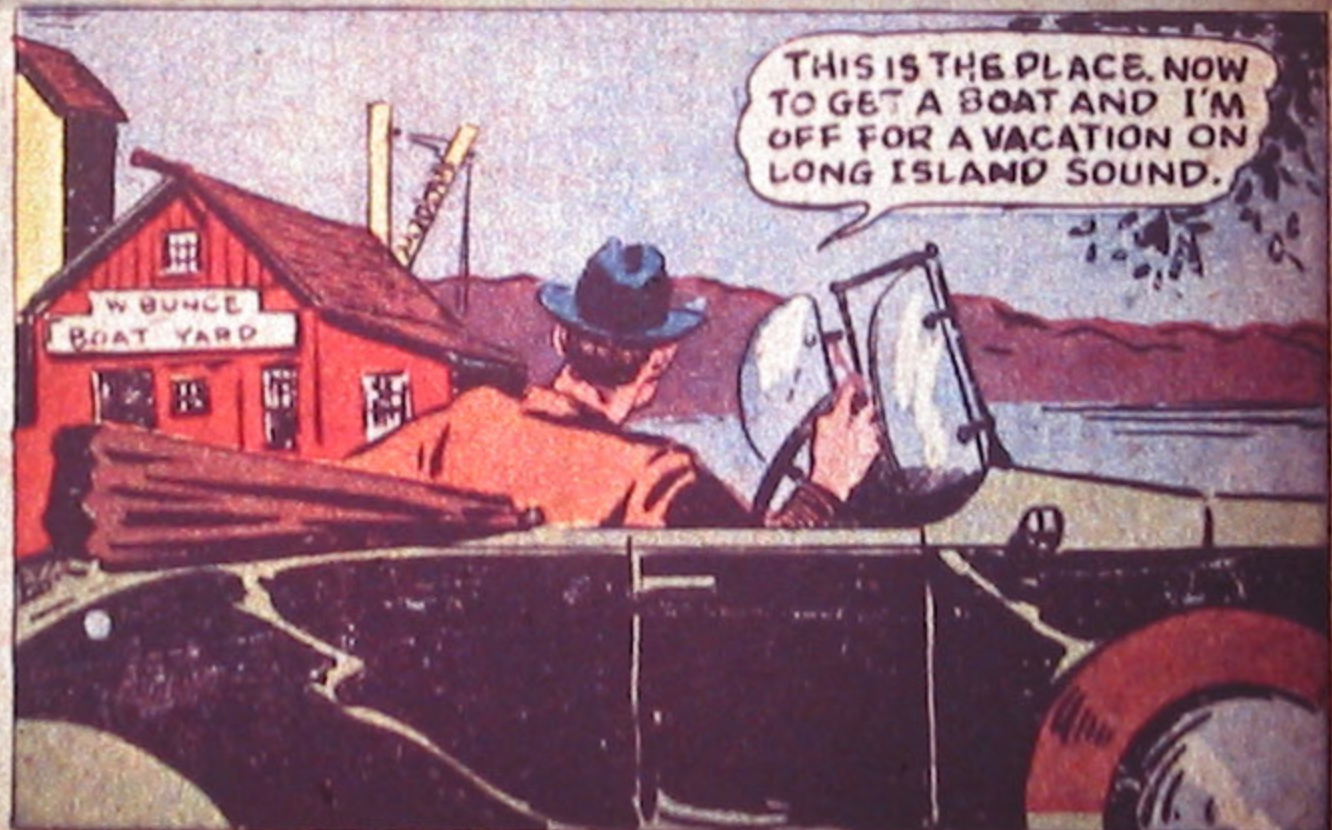
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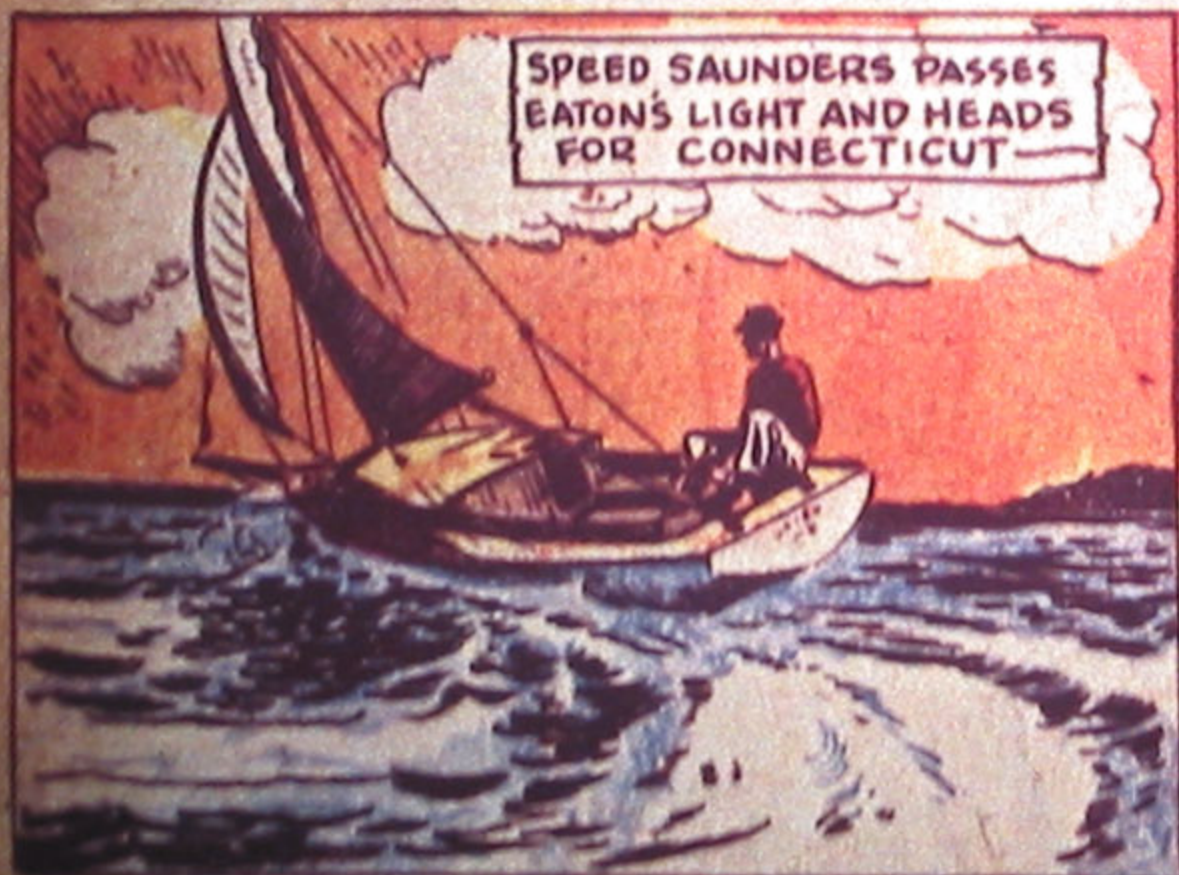


DOWN AT THE WATERFRONT CAN BE FOUND SOME OF THE WORLD'S MOST NOTORIOUS CRIMINALS - IN FACT THE SEAPORTS ARE A MELTING POT OF CRIME. THE SEAMAN'S LIFE IS ADVENTUROUS AND REBELLIOUS. - SO THAT LAW AND ORDER MAY BE MAINTAINED THE GOVERNMENT HAS ESTABLISHED THE HARBOR POLICE.



SPEED SAUNDERS,  
SPECIAL OPERATIVE  
FOR THE HARBOR  
POLICE.





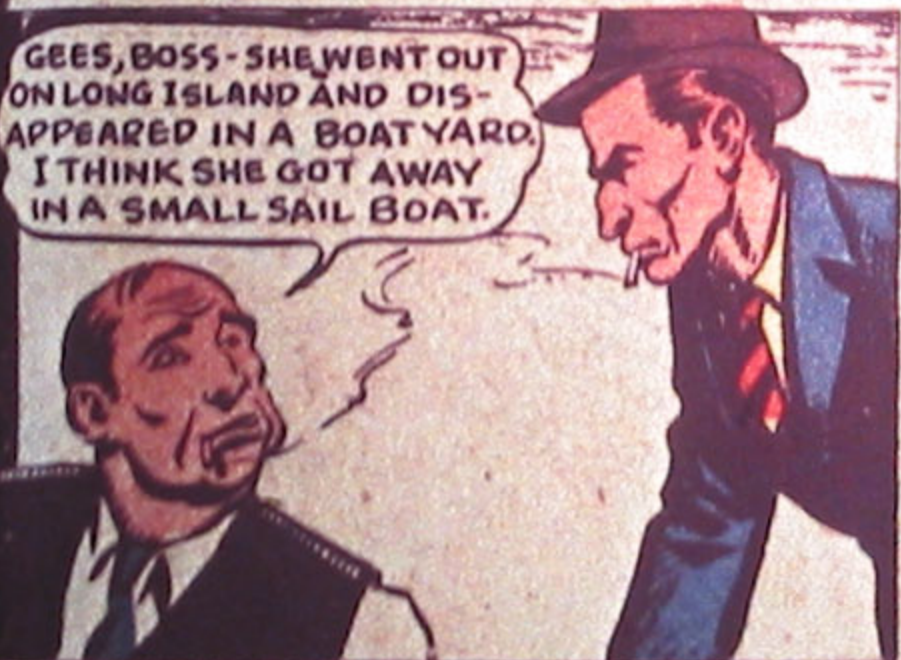
MEANWHILE SPIDER LIVERMAN IS CONFERRING WITH HIS MOTLEY CREW IN A WATER-FRONT TAVERN IN NEW YORK CITY —



YOU FOOLS! YOU LET HER GET AWAY WITH THE PLANS - WHERE'D SHE GO - HUH?



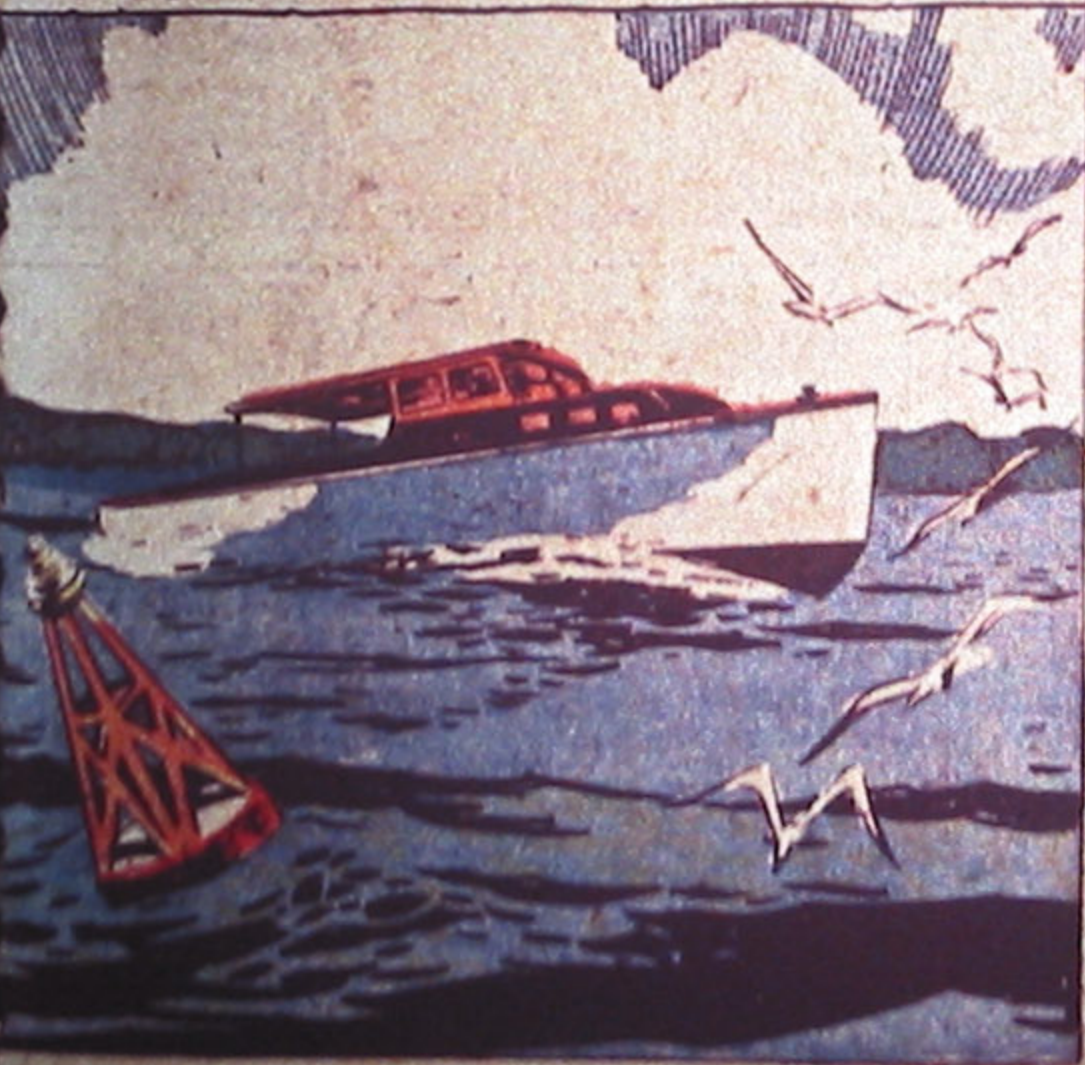
GEES, BOSS - SHE WENT OUT ON LONG ISLAND AND DISAPPEARED IN A BOAT YARD. I THINK SHE GOT AWAY IN A SMALL SAIL BOAT.



ALWAYS BUNGLING! COME ON, GET THE LAUNCH AND WE'LL HUNT HER UP!



A SPEED BOAT ROARS UP THE EAST RIVER, DODGING RIVER TRAFFIC AND ON OUT TO LONG ISLAND SOUND - THE BOAT BELONGS TO "SPIDER" LIVERMAN AND HIS GANGSTERS.



YES, MY BROTHER DIED LAST MONTH LEAVING ME THE PLANS FOR A TYPEWRITER WHICH HE INVENTED.



I AM HIDING FROM A MAN CALLED SPIDER, WHO WANTS THE PLANS.

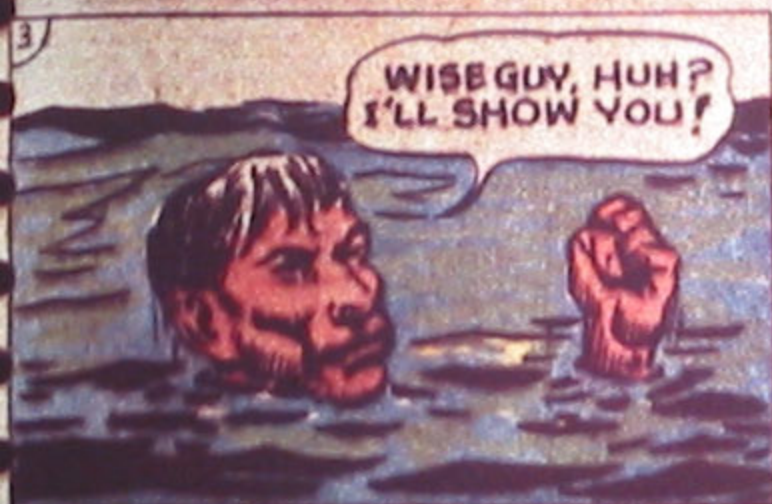




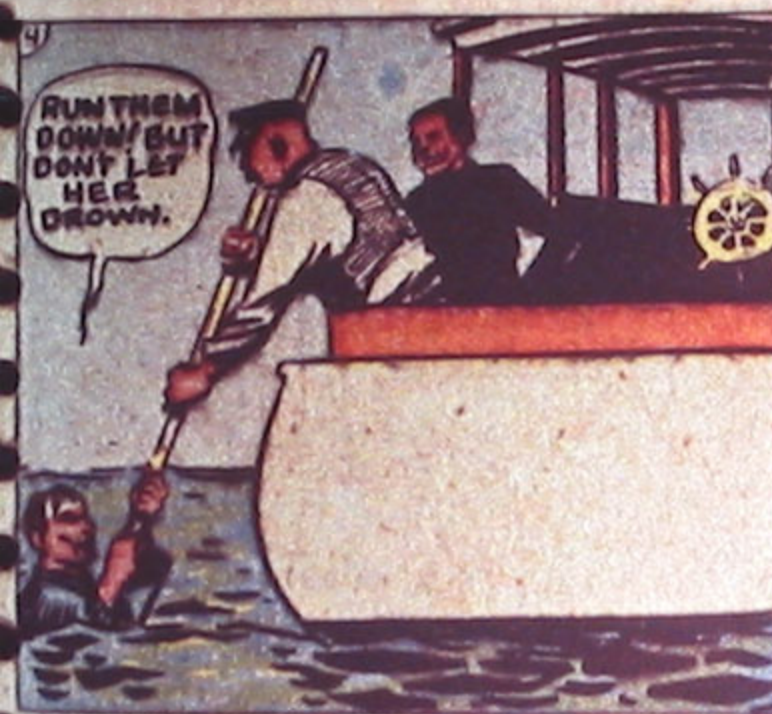
GET OUT OF MY WAY, SAILOR.  
I WANT TO TALK TO THAT  
DAME!



WISE GUY, HUH?  
I'LL SHOW YOU!



RUN THEM  
DOWN! BUT  
DON'T LET  
HER  
DROWN.

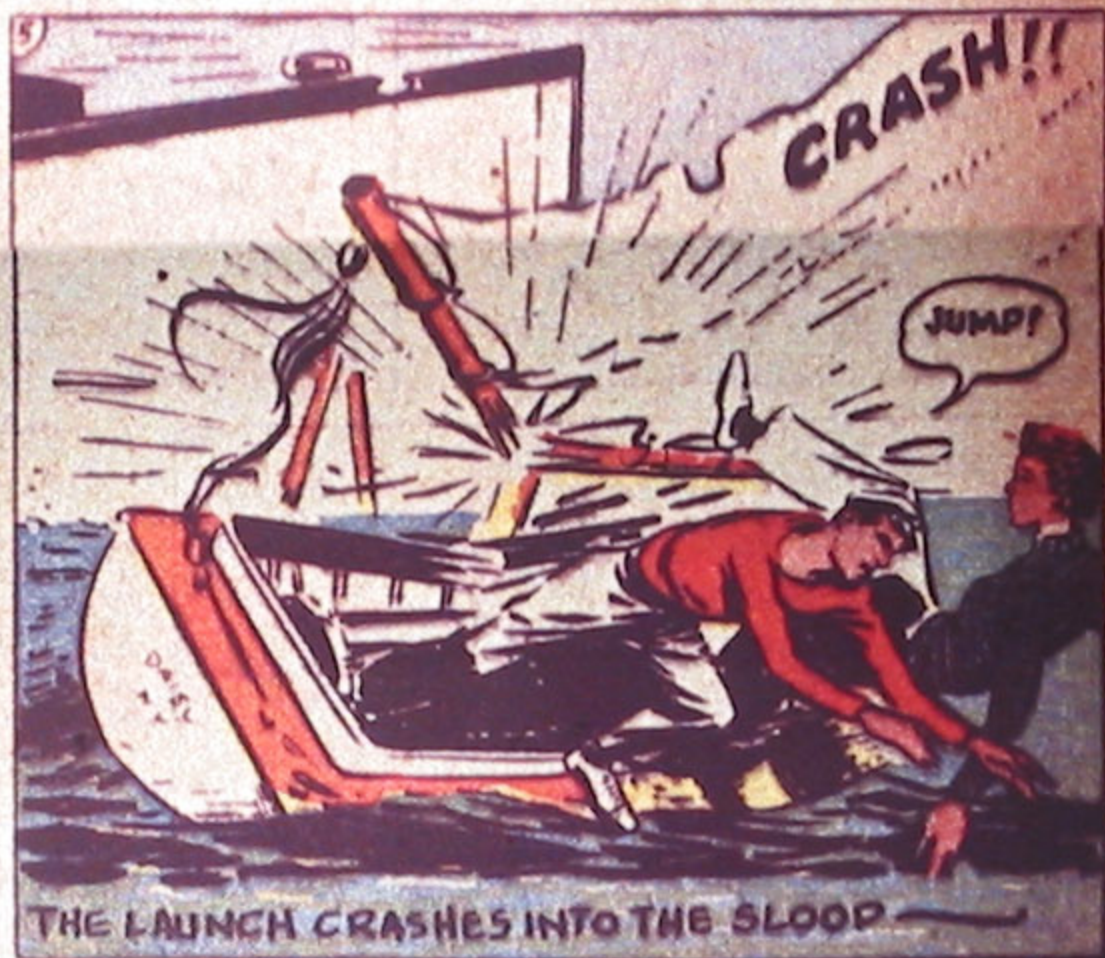


THE WIND SUDDENLY  
CHANGES, CAUSING THE  
THE SAIL TO JIBE. SPEED  
DUCKS - BUT "SPIDER" IS  
KNOCKED OVERBOARD.



CRASH!!

JUMP!



THE LAUNCH CRASHES INTO THE SLOOP

NOW, WHO'S IN  
SWIMMING? HAUL  
EM OUT, JOE!



THROW HIM IN THE  
CABIN. I WANT TO  
TALK TO HER.





SPEED IS THROWN BODILY INTO THE CABIN—



NOW LISTEN-SISTER, BE NICE AND TELL US WHERE THE PLANS ARE—OR ELSE!

NO!



HEY! THE BOAT IS SINKING!!!

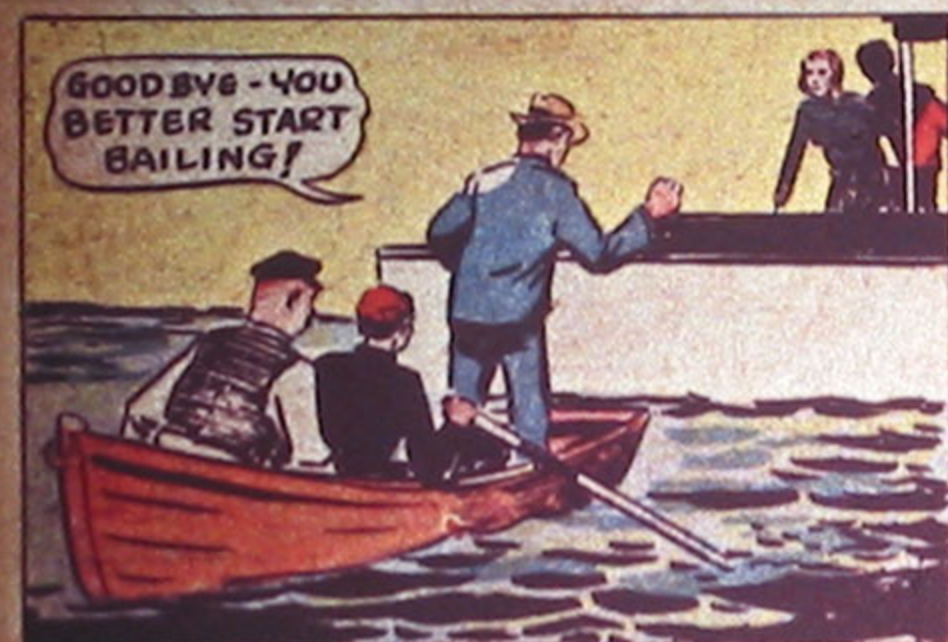


WATER IS POURING IN THROUGH A GAPING HOLE IN THE FLOOR—



SPIDER AND HIS GANG BECOME PANICKY—

LAUNCH THE SKIFF, QUICK!



GOODBYE - YOU BETTER START BAILING!



SPEED, THE CABIN IS FULL OF WATER. WE'LL DROWN —



WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

PUTTING THE PLUG BACK IN THE HOLE I TOOK IT FROM BEFORE.



AH—THE ENGINE RUNS. START THE BILGE PUMPS, LORA, AND WE'RE OFF AFTER SPIDER.


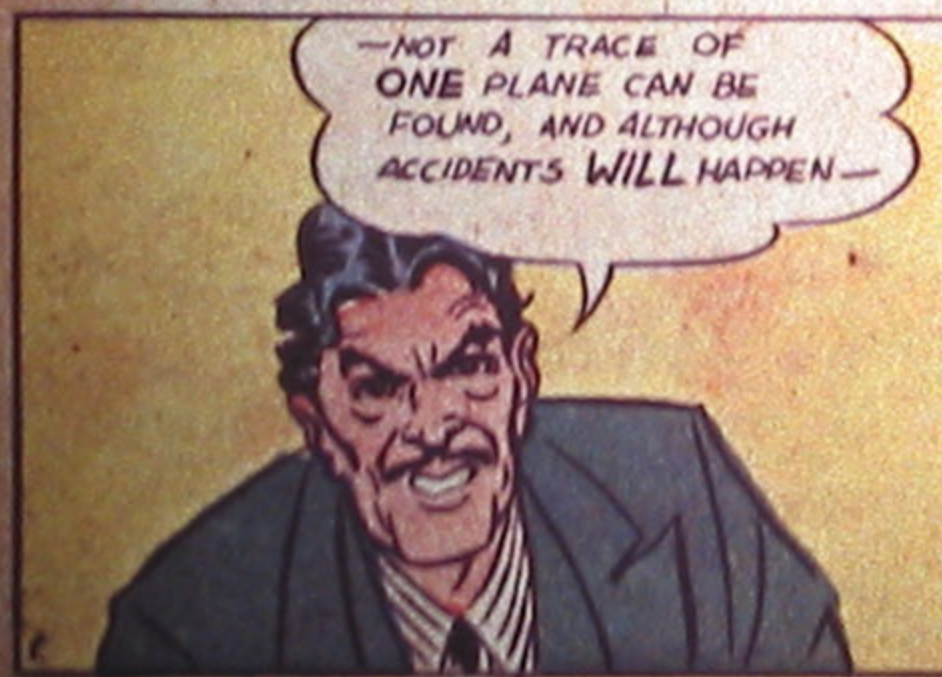


# HOPE HAZARD

# G-WOMAN!

by ALEX LOY

"the air-mail mystery"

WHEW!!

THAT IS SOMETHING!  
WHEN DOES THE  
NEXT PLANE ON THAT  
ROUTE TAKE OFF?

IN TEN MINUTES  
THE PILOT IS  
BILL LITTLEJOHN,  
OUR BEST MAN!



THAT'S GOOD,  
CAUSE I'M  
GOING  
WITH HIM!!



EXACTLY TEN MINUTES LATER, THE MAIL  
PLANE TAKES OFF, WITH \$10,000. WORTH OF  
REGISTERED MAIL, AND ONE PASSENGER—



HOW SOON DO WE  
FLY OVER THE AREA  
WHERE THE OTHER  
PLANES VANISHED?

IN A FEW  
MOMENTS NOW.  
IT'S AN ISOLATED  
TERRITORY, DEEP  
IN THE MOUNTAINS—



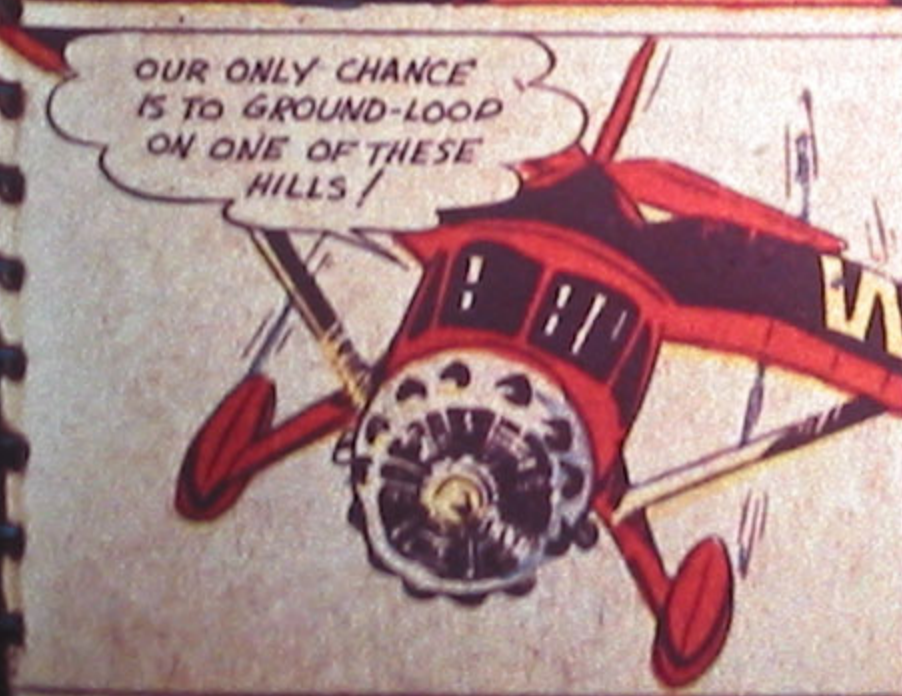
—JUST BEYOND THAT  
RANGE OF HILLS.



SAY!! WHAT TH-!?  
TH' MOTOR IS DEAD!!



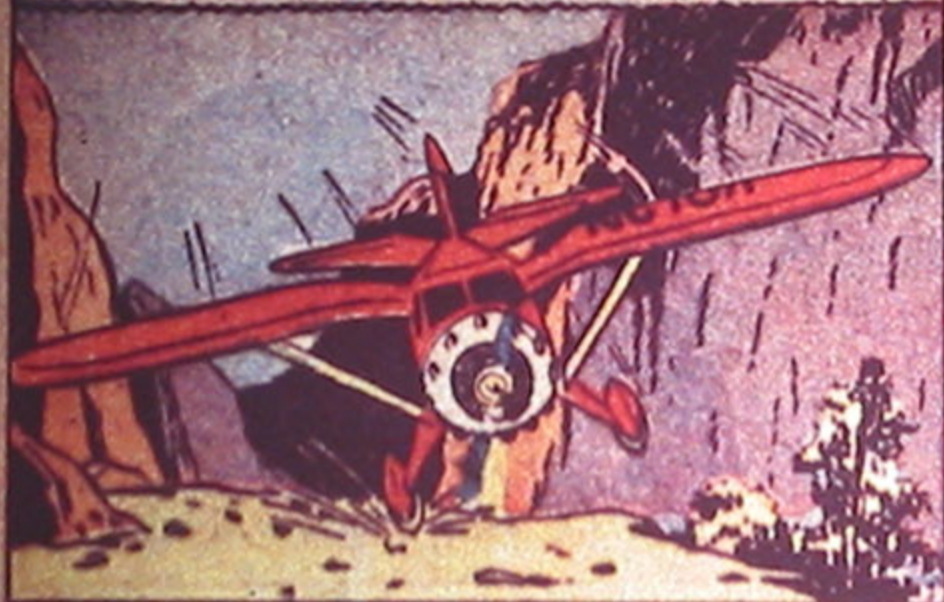
OUR ONLY CHANCE  
IS TO GROUND-LOOP  
ON ONE OF THESE  
HILLS!



—FASTEN YOUR  
SAFETY BELT, AND  
HOLD TIGHT!!



— ONE WHEEL STRIKES THE GROUND !



— THE PLANE SUDDENLY PIVOTS —



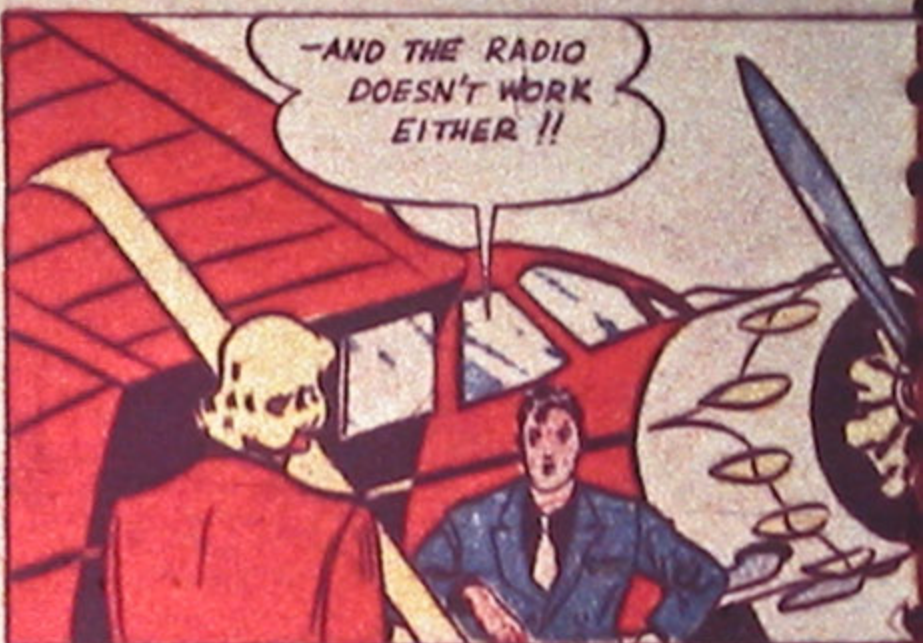
AND ROLLS ALONG THE ROUGH TERRAIN, NARROWLY MISSING THE YAWNING CHASM BELOW!!



SOMETHING QUEER  
ABOUT THAT MOTOR.  
I CAN'T SEEM  
TO FIND ANYTHING  
WRONG!!



—AND THE RADIO  
DOESN'T WORK  
EITHER !!



NEVER MIND  
THAT—  
LOOK!!



WELCOME,  
STRANGERS!



A VERY SKILLFUL LANDING,  
MY FRIEND! I AM THANKFUL  
TO YOU FOR NOT RUINING THE  
PLANE. IT WILL BE OF VALUE  
TO OUR ORGANIZATION!

WHA-?  
WHAT  
D'YA MEAN?

WHEN I TURNED THE Z-RAY ON  
THE OTHER PLANES, ALL THE PILOTS,  
UNFORTUNATELY, DIED IN THE  
ATTEMPT TO LAND!!

HOPELESSLY OUTNUMBERED, THE CAPTIVES  
ARE MARCHED DOWN A WINDING TRAIL!

-BUT THE MAIL  
WAS SAVED!  
HA-HA-BY US!!  
HA-HA-HA!!

-THEY COME TO A SUDDEN TURN IN THE  
NARROW PATH, AND HOPE WHISPERS TO BILL-

-HERE'S OUR CHANCE!!  
JUMP HIM!! -I'LL HOLD  
THE REST!!

LITTLEJOHN LEAPS UPON THE LEADER!!

STAND BACK!  
YOU MEN!!

-AND A STRUGGLE FOR THE GUN ENSUES!

I'LL SHOOT THE  
FIRST ONE THAT  
SHOWS HIS  
FACE!!

O.K. GAL!  
LET'S GO!!

THAT'LL HOLD 'EM  
FOR A WHILE!!

-GUESS THOSE THUGS ARE  
AFRAID TO FOLLOW US.  
I DON'T HEAR 'EM  
COMING!

THAT LAST  
SHOT OF YOURS  
MUST HAVE  
SCARED 'EM OFF.



-SO IT WAS THAT Z-RAY  
THAT PUT MY MOTOR  
ON THE BLINK! THAT  
EXPLAINS THE OTHER  
DISAPPEARANCES!

YES! AND WE'VE  
GOT TO FIND AND  
DESTROY IT, BEFORE—  
—LOOK!  
—A CAVE!!



CAUTIOUSLY ENTERING THE CAVERN, HOPE AND BILL  
NOISELESSLY FOLLOW THE WINDING TUNNEL—



FINALLY, A FAINT GLOW IS DISCERNIBLE IN THE  
DISTANCE. GUNS READY, THEY CREEP FORWARD—



AND COME UPON AN AMAZING SIGHT!! — THE HEADQUARTERS OF XAVIER!! — RULER OF THE UNDERWORLD!!





WELL, FR—!!  
WOT HAPPENED!?!!



MASTER!!  
—THEY'VE ESCAPED!  
—ATTACKED ME—  
WE MUST FIND THEM!!



—FIND WHO? 'YA  
BLASTED IDIOT!  
WHO ESCAPED?



THE PILOT  
AND A  
WOMAN  
PASSENGER!  
THEY—

—WHAT!!  
DID YOU SAY  
WOMAN  
PASSENGER??



AFTER THEM!!  
DO YOU HEAR?  
ALL OF YOU—  
FIND THEM AND  
BRING 'EM TO  
ME!!



C'MON, GAL!  
THAT'S OUR CUE!  
LET'S SCRAM,  
WHILE WE'RE  
STILL IN ONE  
PIECE!!

NO!  
WE'VE GOT TO FIND  
THE Z-RAY, AND  
DESTROY THIS BAND  
OF CRIMINALS.  
THERE'S NO TIME  
TO GET AID NOW!

—BUT BEWARE, HOPE!  
XAVIER POSSESSES THE  
STRENGTH OF A BEAR, AND  
THE CUNNING OF A FOX!  
—TIME AND AGAIN, HE HAS  
BRAGGED OF HIS VICTOR-  
IOUS JOUSTS WITH THE  
LAW, AND HAS SWORN,  
—NEVER TO BE  
TAKEN ALIVE!!  
(TO BE CONTINUED)

ALBY  
1941

# COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVÉN



1 IN THE WEALTHY SECTION OF A BIG SEAPORT CITY STANDS THE SUMPTUOUS HOME OF ANGUS MAC DONALD, OWNER AND ACTIVE PRESIDENT OF THE TWO STAR STEAMSHIP COMPANY.



2 HOW WILL THE OUTCOME OF THIS SEAMEN'S STRIKE AFFECT THE RED STAR LINE, DEAR?

IT DOESN'T AFFECT US AT ALL, ETHEL, AS I'M ALREADY PAYING HIGHER WAGES THAN THE UNION DEMANDS!

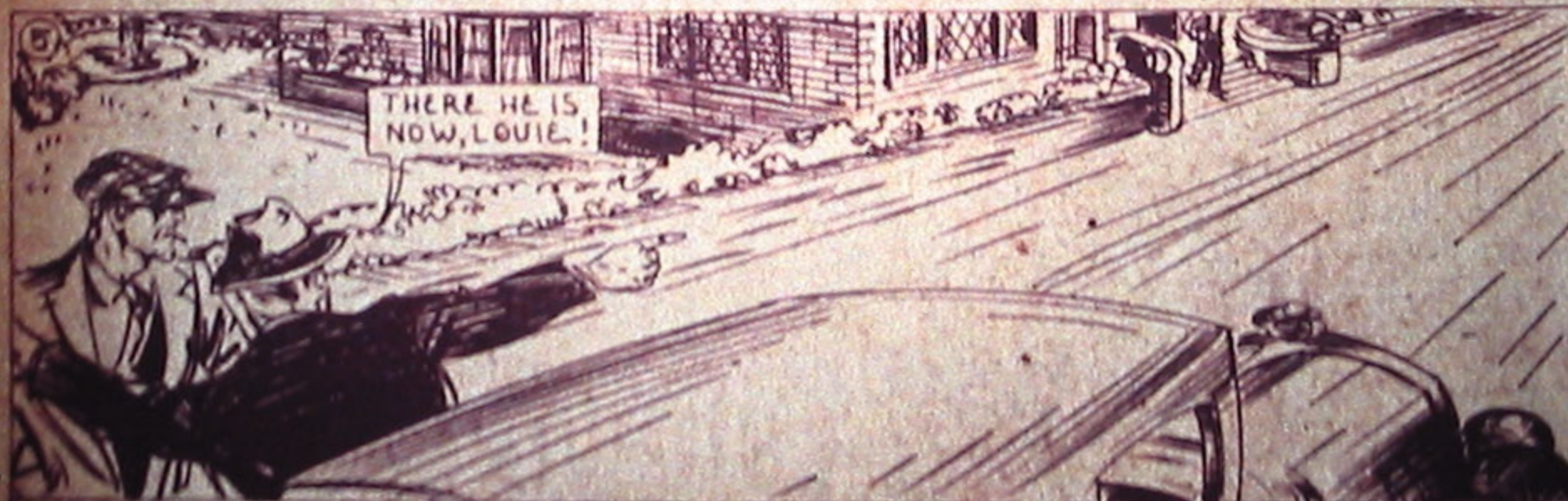


3 IT'S GETTING QUITE LATE, MY DEAR. I'M SORRY I HAVE TO RUSH BUT I'M TO DELIVER AN IMPORTANT SPEECH AT OUR BOARD OF DIRECTORS MEETING THIS MORNING!

DON'T FORGET OUR BLACKSTONE RECEPTION FOR THIS EVENING, THO, ANGUS!



4 OUTSIDE, TWO FURTIVE-LOOKING MEN STAND BY A PARKED CAR, WATCHING FOR THE EMERGENCE OF MAC DONALD.



THERE HE IS NOW, LOUIE!

THE MANSION DOOR OPENS AND MAC DONALD STEPS OUT.



WITH CASUAL ATTITUDE THE TWO MEN WAIT AS THE SHIPOWNER WALKS DOWN THE STREET TOWARD THEM



AS ONE MAN ACCOSTS HIM THE OTHER SNEAKS UP FROM BEHIND.



A VICIOUS BLOW FROM A BLACK JACK----



MAC DONALD CRUMPLES OVER INTO THE WAITING ARMS OF THE SECOND THUG.

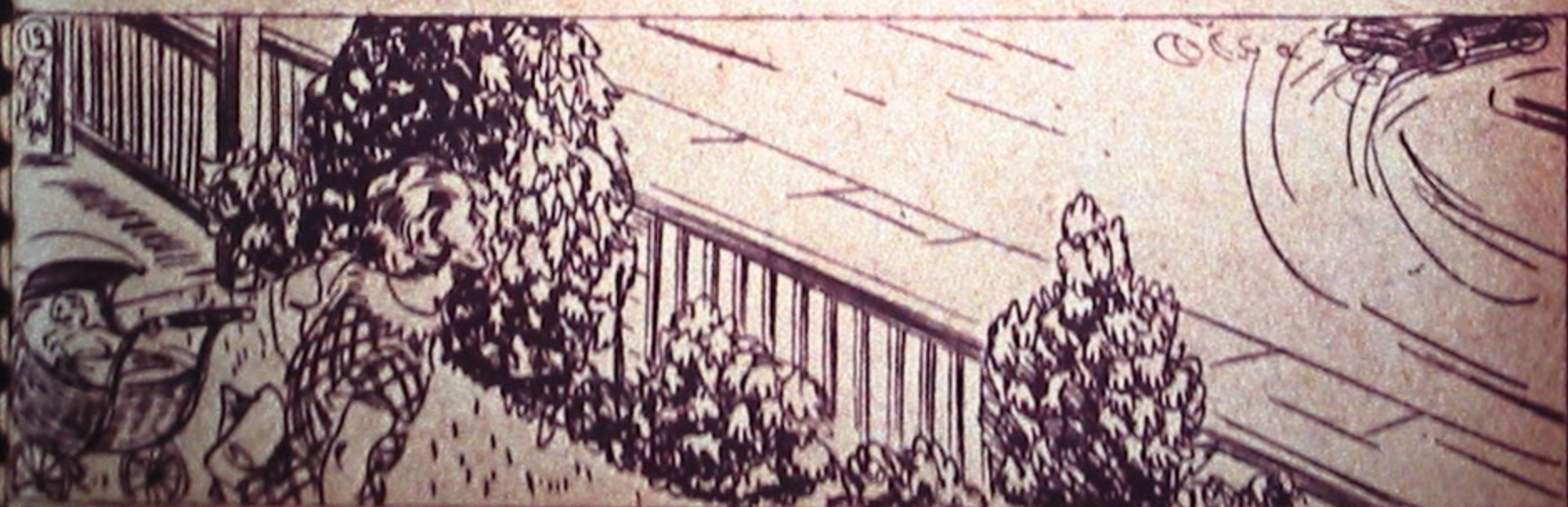


QUICKLY THEY CARRY HIM INTO THE PURRING SEDAN



GOOD WORK, BOYS!  
NOBODY SAW  
YOUSE. PULL IT!

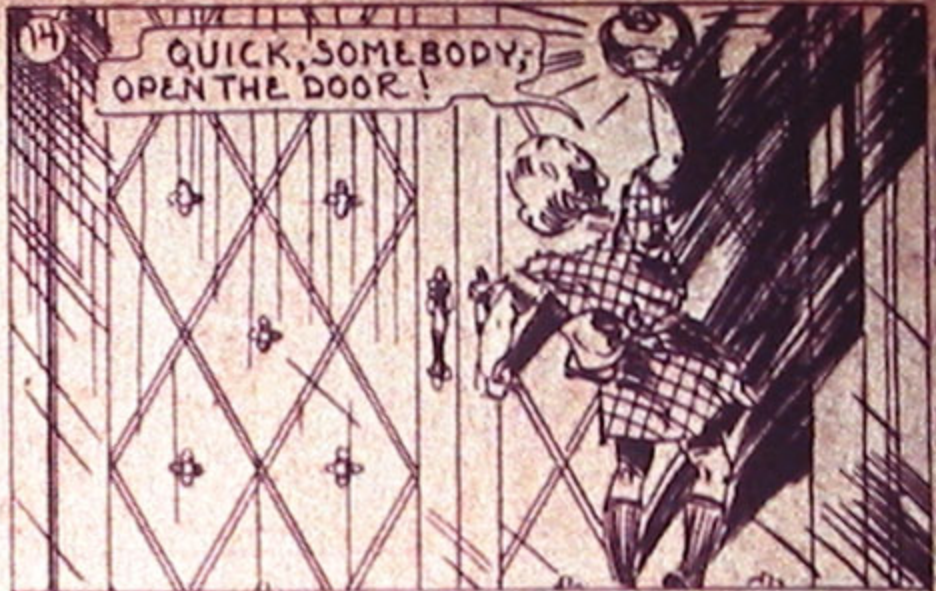
WITH AN EXPLOSIVE ROAR THE MACHINE  
TEARS OFF DOWN THE STREET.



BUT--UNNOTICED BY THE KIDNAPERS, A LITTLE GIRL PLAYING NEARBY, SEES THE ENTIRE INCIDENT



IN GREAT EXCITEMENT THE CHILD RUNS TO THE MAC DONALD HOME.



VIOLENTLY SHE BANGS THE HEAVY KNOCKER.



WHY-WHY-WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, LITTLE LADY?

AS THE GREAT DOOR SWINGS OPEN SHE FLITS BY THE STARTLED BUTLER.



-AND THEN, MRS. MAC DONALD, THE TWO MEN PULLED HIM INTO A CAR AND DROVE AWAY---

GOOD HEAVENS, CHILD, WHAT ARE YOU TELLING ME?



OH, DEAR, DEAR, WHAT CAN I DO? --- I MUST GET COSMO IMMEDIATELY.



OH, COSMO, PLEASE HURRY OVER. SOMETHING DREADFUL HAS HAPPENED TO ANGUS!

IN HER DISTRESS MRS. MAC DONALD APPEALS TO COSMO, THE FAMOUS DETECTIVE AND FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

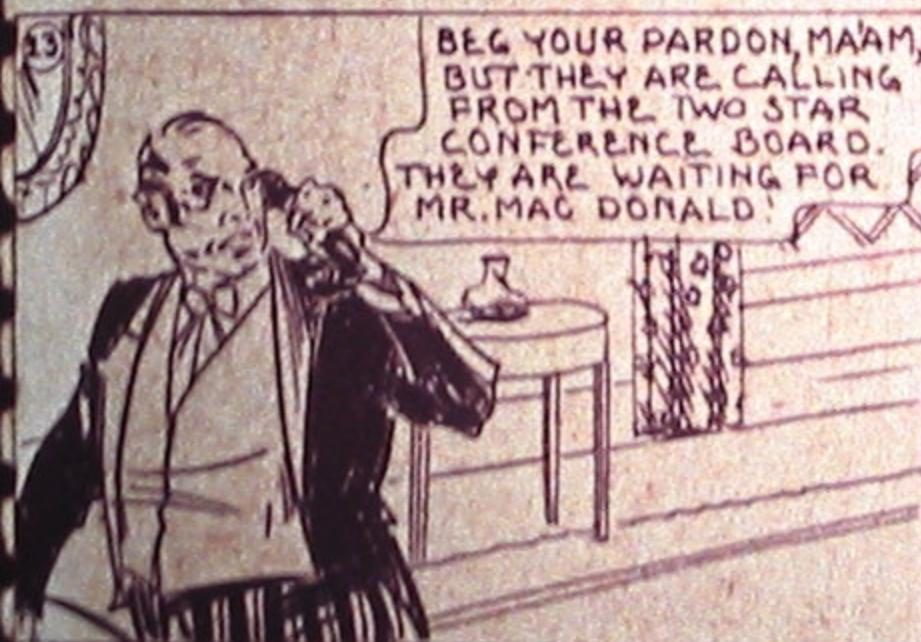


TO 18 RIVERSIDE DRIVE, AS FAST AS YOU CAN GO!



AND, COSMO, I DON'T KNOW WHY ANY ONE WOULD WANT TO DO THIS TERRIBLE THING TO MY POOR HUSBAND!

I'M GLAD YOU CALLED ME FIRST, MRS. MAC DONALD, BEFORE CALLING IN THE POLICE!





IN THE CONFERENCE ROOM OF THE TWO STAR LINE THE DIRECTORS AWAIT IMPATIENTLY THE ARRIVAL OF THEIR PRESIDENT



COSMO ENTERS, DISGUISED AS MAC DONALD.



THE EAGLE EYES OF COSMO DETECT A STARTLED LOOK ON ONE OF THE MEN.



AS COSMO APPROACHES HIM THE MAN BECOMES HIGHLY AGITATED.





42 WHEN YOUR WIFE MENTIONED THE BOARD MEETING I DECIDED IT WAS NO ORDINARY KIDNAPING, BUT SOME ONE OF THE SEAMEN'S UNION WHO WISHED TO PREVENT YOUR SPEECH. WELL, I ACTED ON THAT HUNCH, YOU KNOW THE RESULT



# THE CLAWS OF THE RED DRAGON

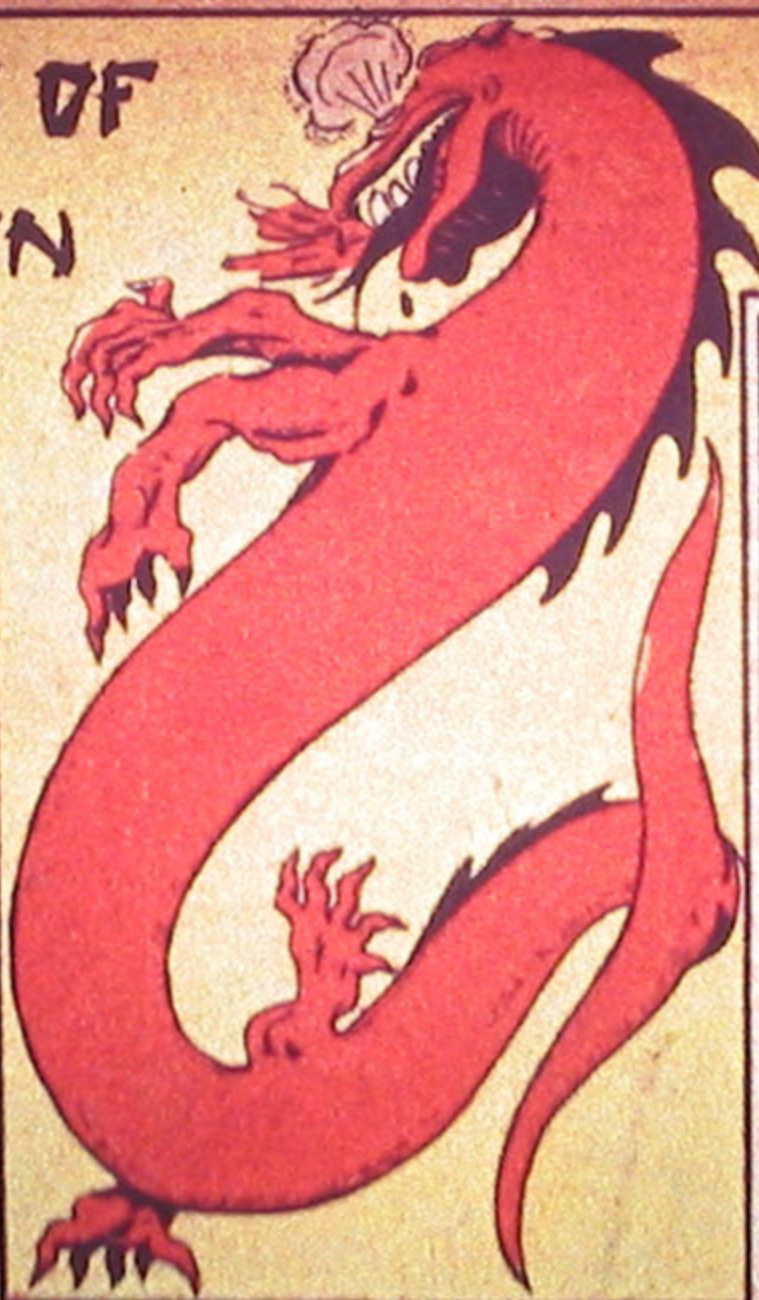
by  
Tom Hickey.



HONG AH KAY  
KING OF THE TONG KILLERS.



SING DOCK  
KNOWN AS MANGMAN'S NOOSE



IT IS TIME THAT WE  
REMOVE HIM.

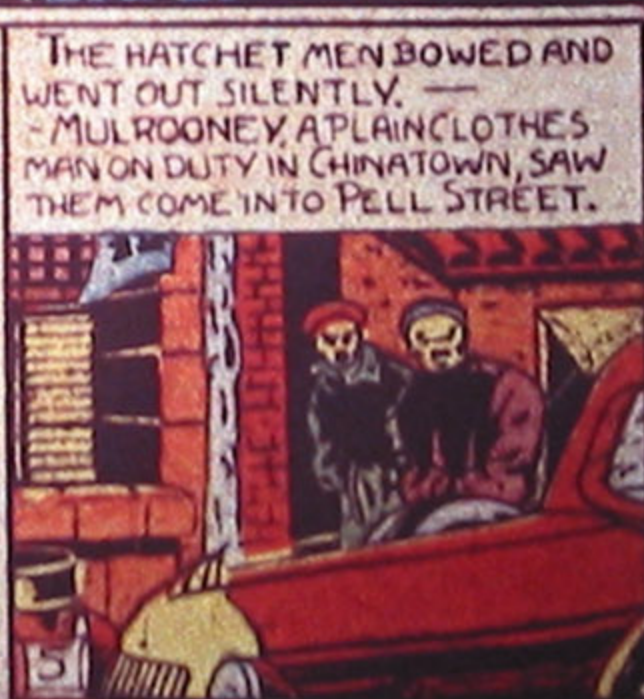
IN A REAR ROOM OF AN UNOBTUSIVE BUILDING, AN IMPRESSIVE OLD MAN RECEIVES THE FLOWER OF HIS HATCHET MEN.



EVEN THE IMPASSIVE  
FACES OF THE TWO  
KILLERS SHOWED A  
TRACE OF EXCITEMENT  
AT THIS. IT WAS THE  
BIGGEST ORDER THEY  
HAD EVER RECEIVED



HE IS AT THE HOUSE OF THE LION.  
GUARDED GATES. YOU KNOW WHAT  
YOU HAVE TO DO.



THE HATCHET MEN BOWED AND  
WENT OUT SILENTLY. —  
MULROONEY, A PLAIN CLOTHES  
MAN ON DUTY IN CHINATOWN, SAW  
THEM COME INTO PELL STREET.

LET'S LOOK INTO PELL STREET,  
THE HEART OF NEW YORK CITY'S  
CHINATOWN, FOR A MOMENT.  
HERE A BLOODY TONG WAR  
IS RAGING BETWEEN THE  
ON LEONGS AND THE HIP SINGS.  
ALREADY THERE HAVE BEEN  
SEVERAL GORY KILLINGS.

HE IMMEDIATELY WENT TO A TELEPHONE AND GOT LIEUTENANT CASEY ON THE WIRE.

IT'S MULROONEY SPEAKING. I JUST SAW HONG AH KAY AND SING DOCK MOOCHIN' OUT OF THE HIP SING HEADQUARTERS. I'M KEEPIN' THEM SHADOWED. ANY MORE NEWS ON THAT KIDNAPPIN' CASE?

6

YEP, IT LOOKS LIKE THE ON LEONGS ARE BEHIND IT. A COUPLE OF CHINKS OVER IN BROOKLYN WERE JUST KILLED. THERE'S SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT IT. IT AIN'T JUST A SIMPLE TONG WAR.

7

THEY'VE GOT SOME FANCY KILLERS COMIN' OVER FROM CHINA. THE CHINKS ARE TALKIN' ABOUT A GUY NAMED LU GONG WHO SEEMS TO BE PRETTY BAD MEDICINE. LEASTWISE, THEY'RE ALL SCARED OF HIM. GET ALL THE DOPE YOU CAN ON THIS GUY.

BACK SO SOON, ED? I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO SHADOW HONG AH KAY AND SING DOCK.

THOSE BIRDS ARE TO SLIPPERY. I LOST 'EM.

9

ALREADY THE SLIPPERY ONES WERE SPEEDING TOWARDS THE HOUSE ON LONG ISLAND WHERE BRUCE NELSON STOOD AT THE POINT OF A GUN, ARMS UPRaised.

WELL, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT ANYWAY?

YOU'LL FIND OUT. KEEP THEM HANDS UP AND NO MONKEY BUSINESS.

NELSON RECOGNIZED HIS ASSAILANT AS THE SOUGHT AFTER JOE STUCCHI. HE SEEMED VERY NERVOUS, FOR THE GUN WAVED AND HE TREMBLED LIKE A LEAF.

12

HE BECKONED TO NELSON TO FOLLOW AS HE RETREATED BACKWARDS. NELSON OBEYED, WATCHING HIS CAPTOR NARROWLY FOR AN OPPORTUNITY TO WREST THE GUN FROM HIM.

KEEP THEM HANDS UP!



SUDDENLY NELSON STARED WITH HORROR OVER THE SHOULDER OF THE GUNMAN. THE NERVOUS STUCCHI LOOKED BEHIND HIM INSTINCTIVELY.



IT WAS ONLY A BRIEF LOOK BUT IN THAT INSTANT NELSON LASHED OUT WITH A POWERFUL RIGHT TO STUCCHI'S JAW.

STUCCHI STAGGERED TO HIS FEET AND WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD TURNED AND RAN LIKE A FRIGHTENED RABBIT.



16

NELSON STARED AFTER HIM, A GRIMLY AMUSED SMILE ON HIS FACE.



CAN YOU BEAT THAT! LOOK AT HIM GO!

GLANCING BACK AT THE OPEN GATE HE DELIBERATED WHETHER TO GO FORWARD OR TO TURN BACK LIKE A SENSIBLE PERSON AND SEEK HELP. BUT THE VISION OF SIGRID

RETURNED TO PLAQUE HIM, WITH THE HAUNTING APPEAL IN HER EYES. HE DECIDED TO GO ON.

HE PICKED UP THE GUN STUCCHI HAD DROPPED. HIS AMUSED SMILE TURNED TO A FROWN OF ANNOYANCE.



18



19

SUDDENLY HE HEARD THE CRUNCH OF FEET ON THE GRAVEL PATH JUST THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HEDGE. HURRIEDLY HE DUCKED BEHIND A ROW OF SHIBUOS.



20



AND JUST IN TIME, TOO, FOR FIVE MURDEROUS-LOOKING CHINESE, EACH ARMED WITH A LONG-GLEAMING KNIFE, CAME DOWN THE PATH.

21

NELSON REALIZED THEY WERE SEARCHING FOR HIM AND UNLESS HE FOUND A PLACE TO HIDE, HE SOON WOULD BE DETECTED.



GAINING THE SUMMER HOUSE, HE LOOKED ABOUT FOR A PLACE TO HIDE.



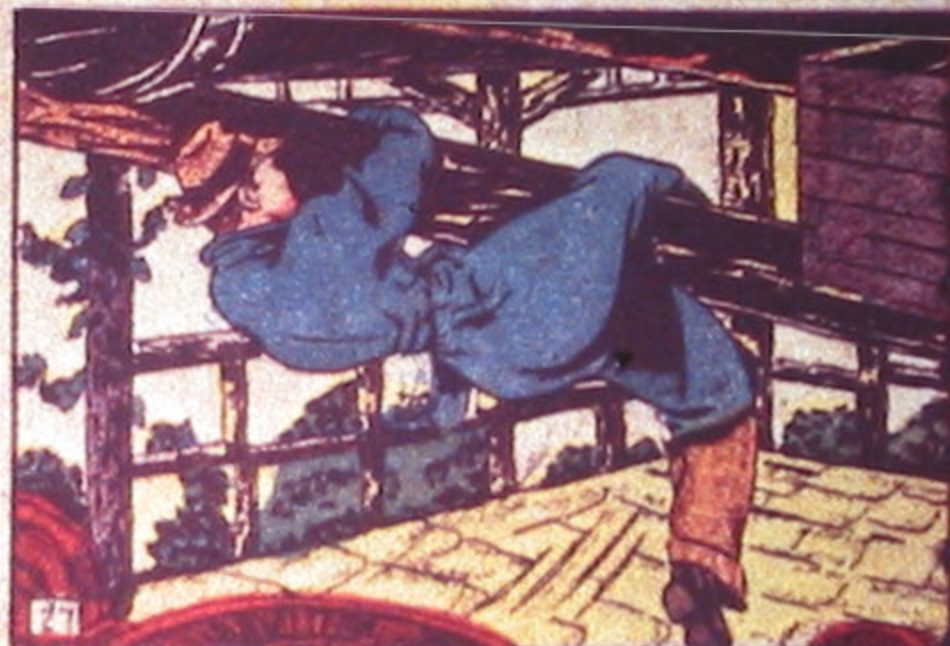
SHORTLY HE GLIMPSED THE 5 CHINESE WORKING THEIR WAY TOWARD THE SUMMER HOUSE.



HE GLANCED HASTILY ABOUT. THERE WAS ONLY A WICKER TABLE AND 3 WICKER CHAIRS. IT LOOKED HOPELESS.



IN GLANCING ALOFT AT THE RAFTERS, NELSON NOTICED SEVERAL LARGE BOXES AND BARRELS STORED BETWEEN THE RAFTERS AND THE ROOF. HE LEAPED LIKE A CAT TO THE TOP OF THE WICKER TABLE, THEN CLUTCHING A RAFTER HE HOISTED HIMSELF UP.



HE CRAWLED INTO THE NEAREST BOX, A LARGE, SQUARE RECEPTACLE, JUST AS THE FIRST CHINESE STEPPED INTO THE SUMMER HOUSE.



NELSON WATCHED THRU A CRACK IN THE BOX AS 3 OF THE CHINESE ENTERED AND LOOKED SEARCHINGLY ABOUT.



29

HIS COMPANIONS CALLED FOR HIM TO COME ON BUT HE SHOOK HIS HEAD AND CHATTERED ANGRILY AT THEM, POINTING UP AT THE BOXES.



30

TWO OF THEM WERE SATISFIED AND TURNED TO LEAVE BUT THE THIRD STOOD STARING UP AT THE BOXES AND BARRELS ON THE RAFTERS.



31



32

THE TWO RETURNED UNDER PROTEST, WHILE HE CLIMBED UP ON THE TABLE AND PLACED HIS HANDS ON THE RAFTERS, PREPARATORY TO HAULING HIMSELF UP.

THINGS LOOKED PRETTY DARK FOR NELSON BUT HE GRIPPED THE EMPTY GUN, FIRMLY DETERMINED TO MAKE A FIGHT OF IT.

WATCH OUT FELLA OR YOU'LL BE IN FOR AN AWFUL HEAD ACHE.



JUST THEN ALL THREE CHINESE PAUSED, RAISING THEIR HEADS IN STARTLED ATTENTION. NELSON'S GRASP LOOSENED ITSELF ON THE GUN MUZZLE.



FOR A HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM BROKE ON THEIR EARS. IT WAS THE SCREAM OF A WOMAN IN THE DIREST AGONY OR FEAR. IT CAME FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE HOUSE.



TWO OF THE CHINESE WAITING BELOW RAN OUT OF THE SUMMER HOUSE AS THEY HEARD THE SCREAM. THE THIRD BALANCED ON THE RAFTERS NOT TEN FEET AWAY.



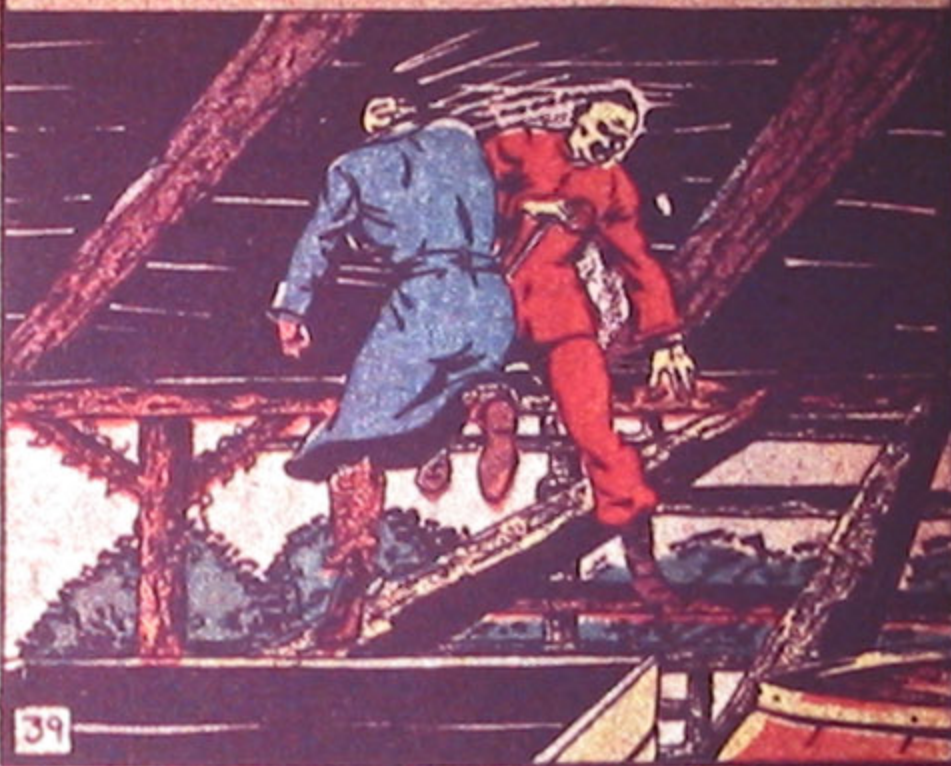
AFTER LISTENING FOR A MOMENT HE BEGAN TO MOVE TOWARDS THE BOX IN WHICH NELSON WAS CONCEALED, CARRYING HIS KNIFE IN HIS TEETH.



LIKE A SHOT, NELSON SPRANG FROM HIS HIDING AND SWUNG THE BUTT OF THE GUN AT THE MAN BEFORE HIM.



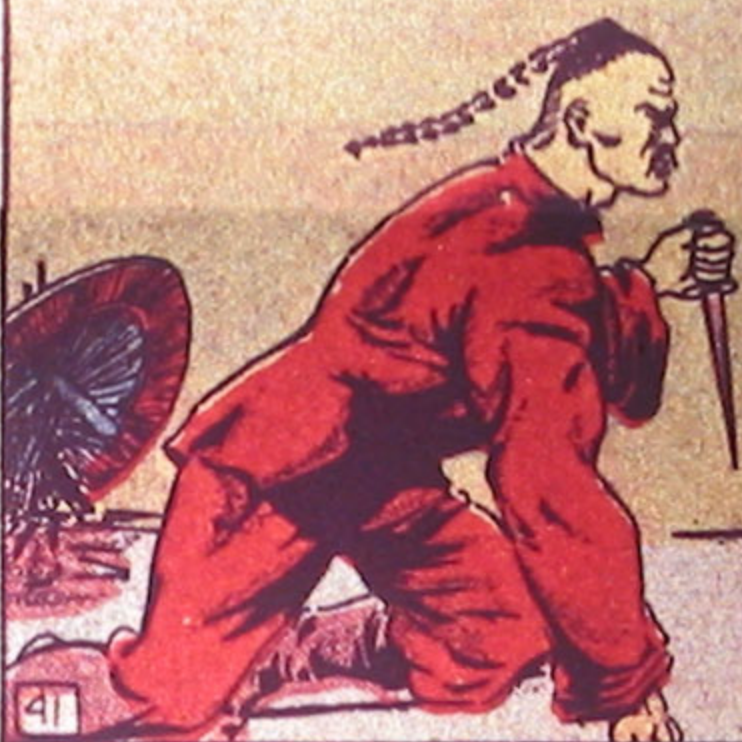
THE CHINESE DODGED BUT IN DODGING LOST HIS BALANCE AND DROPPED FROM HIS PRECARIOUS PERCH.



HE LANDED ON THE WICKER TABLE WHICH SMASHED BENEATH HIS WEIGHT, ROLLING HIM ON THE FLOOR.



HE ROSE WITH THE QUICKNESS OF A CAT AND PICKED UP THE KNIFE HE HAD DROPPED.



HE WAS RISING TO HIS FEET WHEN NELSON LANDED SILENTLY BESIDE HIM, LETTING DRIVE A SMASHING BLOW FULL IN THE FACE OF THE YELLOW MAN.



THE FELLOW WENT DOWN AS THOUGH POLE AXED. IT WAS A COMPLETE KNOCKOUT.



CASTING A HASTY GLANCE OVER THE GROUNDS HE SAW MANY MEN RUNNING FROM DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE ESTATE, ALL CONVERGING AT THE SAME SPOT AT A POINT NEAR THE HOUSE.



CLIMBING A NEARBY TREE, NELSON SOON SAW THE CAUSE OF THE SCREAMING AND EXCITEMENT. UNNOTICED ON HIS PERCH HE GAZED ON THE SCENE, HORRIFIED.



HE SAW THAT THE SCREAMS WERE NOT SIGRID'S BUT CAME FROM A CHINESE WHO LAY WRITHING ON THE GROUND, HIS BODY TRIPPED AND TORN BY THE MULTIPLE LEADEN-TIPPED THONGS OF A HEAVY KNOT WIELDED BY THE BRAWNY ARMS OF A HUGE CHINESE.





THE HAPLESS VICTIM WAS NONE OTHER THAN TOW LEE, THE HATCHET MAN, FAILED OF HIS PURPOSE AND BEING TORTURED BY THE SERVANTS OF THE VERY MAN HE HAD COME TO SLAY. THE SCREAMS OF THE FLOGGED MAN BEGAN TO DECREASE IN VOLUME, CHANGED TO AN ANIMAL-LIKE MOANING AND FINALLY THE UNRECOGNIZABLE SHAPE QUIVERED ONCE OR TWICE AND THEN LAY STILL.



47



48

49



WOW! THESE FELLOWS SURE PLAY ROUGH. I'D BETTER WATCH MY STEP.

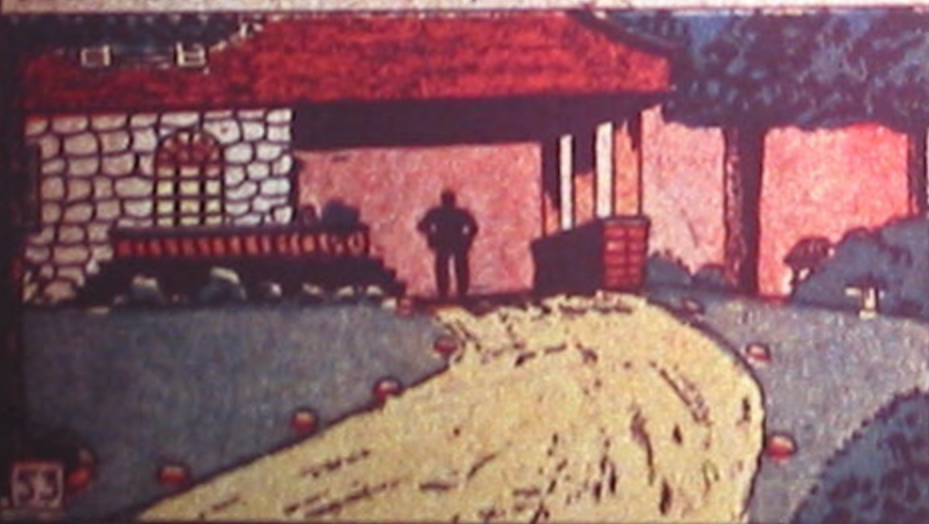


50

I LEFT THAT NEW HAT BACK IN THAT BOX IN THE SUMMER HOUSE. OH WELL!  
"C'EST LA GUERRE".



AS NELSON WATCHED, STUCCHI MADE HIS WAY TO THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE AND STOOD THERE STARING DOWN TOWARDS THE MAIN GATE.



THE GORY SPECTACLE OVER, THE GROUP OF CHINESE DISPERSED. NELSON WAS ABOUT TO CLIMB DOWN FROM THE TREE WHEN STUCCHI TROUNDED A CORNER OF THE HOUSE.



JUST AT THAT MOMENT THE BOOMING OF A GONG FELL ON NELSON'S EARS. IT CAME FROM SOMEWHERE NEAR THE GATE.



AS THE NOTES OF THE GONG DIED DOWN, 3 CHINESE TROTTED BRISKLY TO THE GATES AND STOOD WAITING.



FROM WITHOUT THE GATES THERE CAME THE IMPERATIVE NOTES OF A CLEAR TONED AUTOMOBILE HORN.



THE GATES SWUNG OPEN AND A LONG, SLEEK CAR PURRED SMOOTHLY INTO THE GROUNDS.



THE GATES WERE QUICKLY SHUT AND BOLTED AGAIN. THE CAR SURGED QUICKLY UP THE DRIVE AND CAME SILENTLY TO REST BEFORE THE FRONT DOOR.



NELSON NEARLY TUMBLED FROM HIS PERCH IN STRAINING TO SEE WHO WAS GETTING OUT OF THE CAR.

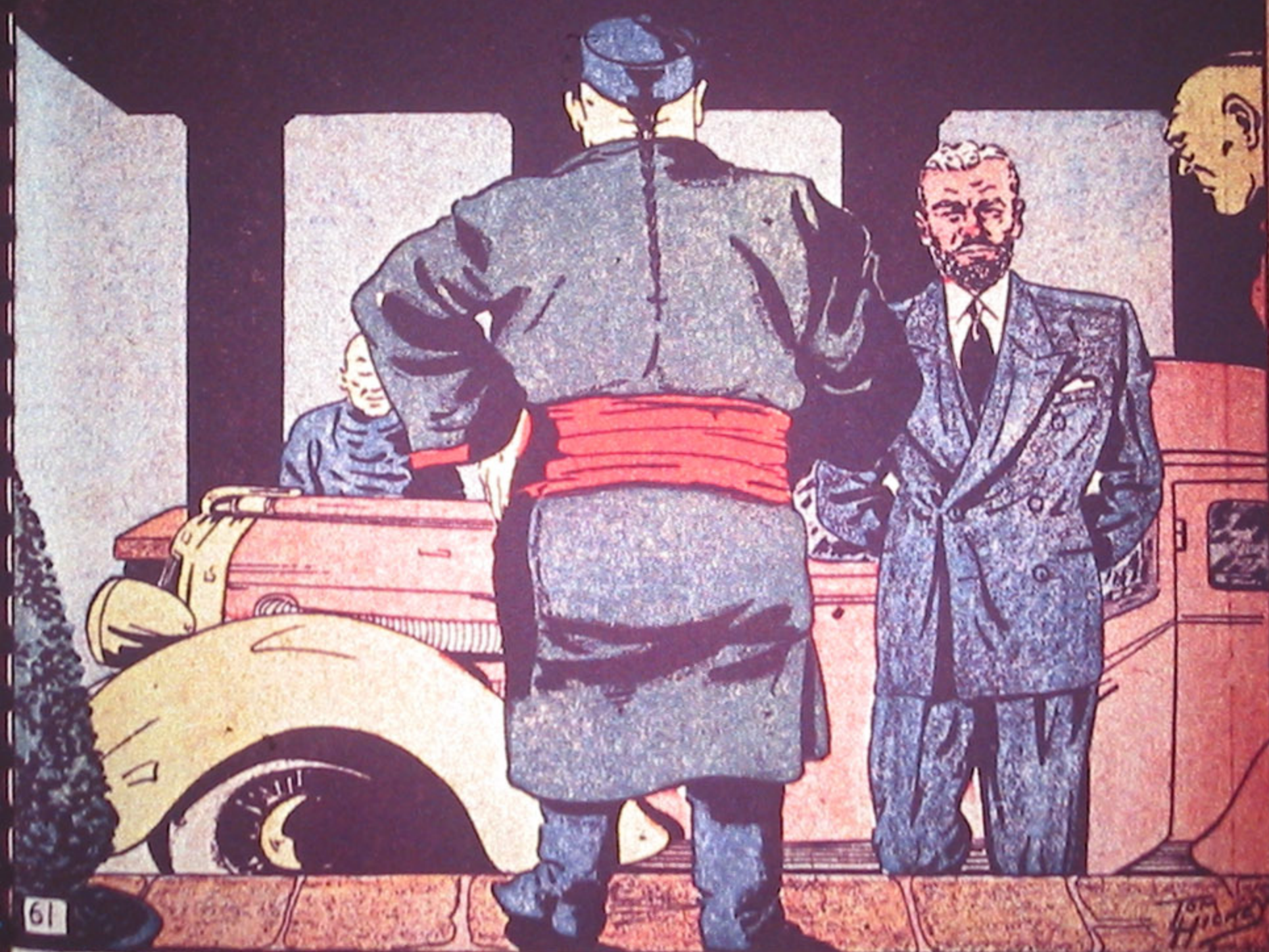


THE FIRST TO STEP OUT WAS A STOUTLY BUILT CHINESE IN RICH ROBES. HE WENT UP THE STEPS AND TURNED TO WAIT FOR THE SECOND PERSON.



NELSON'S EYES ALMOST POPPED FROM HIS HEAD AS HE RECOGNIZED THE SECOND PERSON — VON HOLTZENDORFF, SIGRID'S FATHER.

THERE WAS STILL ANOTHER PERSON. NELSON WAITED BREATHLESSLY — WAS IT SIGRID? —





# SHOOTING LESSON

by Capt. E. R. Anthony

*State Trooper Marden had to make his motorcycle climb mountains that the G-Men's cars couldn't navigate in order to settle an argument with a cop-killing desperado who had had the misfortune to shoot at Marden—and miss!*

ILLUSTRATED BY CREIG FLESSEL

**A**S the powerful black sedan careened around the bend in the road and drew abreast of Trooper Marden the ugly snout of a Thompson sub-machine gun poked its way out of one of the windows and poured a vicious stream of sputtering lead at the figure of the State policeman.

The bullets kicked up angry fountains of dust around his feet as they searched for their target, but by the time the first slug ripped into the motorcycle Marden had rolled out of the saddle and tumbled unhurt into the ditch.

The sedan roared on down the road, and by the time the Trooper had unlimbered his service revolver the range was too great for pistol shooting. He took a couple of ineffectual shots at the rear tires, however, and then investigated the damage to his high-powered, four cylinder motorcycle.

Ruined. Both tires punctured, the gas tank perforated, and the power unit rendered useless, Marden faced the prospect of a long hike back to the main road where he could pick up a lift to the barracks.

Then he began to get mad. It was a great pity that an honest cop couldn't sit by the roadside without somebody starting to throw lead at him for no apparent reason. Doubtless they had



either thought he was looking for them or had shot at him just because he was wearing the uniform of the State Police. In any event he didn't like it, and he began to feel a great itch to mix it with those fellows in the black sedan. He wondered if it could be any of the Doran mob, there were rumors that they had slipped into this state in their desperate endeavor to escape the hordes of Federal Men who were sworn to get Public Enemy No. 1 at any cost. Perhaps Doran himself had been the trigger man. The desperado had a sinister reputation as a cop-killer. He hated cops, and this would not be the first time that he had killed one for the sheer blood-thirstiness of it.

Marden smiled grimly to himself. If it had been Doran who blasted away at him, the old master was losing his touch. It's pretty hard to miss a man on a motorcycle at a range of twenty feet with a Tommy gun, even if you're shooting from a moving car. Marden hoped he'd have a chance before long to show his assailant what real shooting was!

**A** COUPLE of hours later Marden swung down from the running board of a commandeered car and ran into Headquarters building of "C" Troop. The sergeant, poring over a stack of reports on his desk, looked up questioningly as the Trooper precipitately entered the room.

"What's up, Marden?" he queried. Marden said, "Plenty, sergeant. Some babies in a black sedan took a couple of pegs at me with a Tommy gun on the Hillshoro road."

"Good!" exclaimed the sergeant. "Oh, I don't mean I'm glad they shot at you, but it gives us a pretty good idea where to look for them. It's the Doran mob, Marden, make no mistake about that! The G Men are on their way here now from Blakeville, five cars full of them. It looks as though it's their show. Uncle Sam wants those Doran boys—we haven't got a

thing on them in this state—so I guess all we can do is cooperate with the Feds in the usual way."

"I'd like to get into the scrap, sergeant," Marden said. "I've got sort of a personal grudge against those fellows!"

"I'm afraid that's impossible, Marden. Take a new motorcycle and get back to point duty on the Hillsboro road. You're not to go off post unless the mob tries to double back past you."

With impotent rebellion surging within his heart Marden saluted and walked from the office. As he stepped out of doors, a half dozen cars roared down the road toward him, and swung into the driveway with screaming sirens. Each car was loaded with grim-faced men in civilian garb, all armed to the teeth with sub-machine guns and sawed-off shotguns. Federal men.

Marden felt a vague resentment. Why should these fellows step into the picture and do all the settling up? Why shouldn't he, Marden, have a chance to even up the score with the gunmen who tried to kill him? He gritted his teeth and walked into the garage.

A FEW minutes later he was back at the same spot at which he had so nearly lost his life. He rested the motorcycle on its stand and settled down dejectedly for a long and unexciting vigil.

Presently two cars filled with Federal men sped up the road and stopped beside him.

"This the right road?" shouted a huge man seated beside the driver of the first car.

"It's the only road," Marden answered. "You can't miss."

"Fine!" exulted the other. "That Doran mob's as good as in the bag, then! We've got a couple of cars on the way down in the opposite direction, from Hillsboro!"

"Be careful if they lead you back this way again, though," Marden warned. "There's a fork in the road back a bit—maybe you saw it—and those birds might slip away from you there!"

"Thanks, Trooper," the G Man waved, and the two powerful touring cars gulped their diet of gasoline and whirled away down the dirt road in a billowing cloud of dust.

Again Marden settled down gloomily.

Fifteen minutes passed, thirty, almost an hour, and then the Trooper picked up the faint sound of roaring motors drifting across the quiet summer air from a great distance. Probably the G Men coming back with their prisoners, dead or alive—the show all over and the curtain rung down. Marden spat disgustedly.

But what was that? That overtone of sound, that rattle, sounded like gunfire! Could that Doran mob have slipped out of the trap? Were they racing back toward him in a running fight with their pursuers?

Marden listened with grim intensity, trembling with suppressed excitement. The sounds grew louder and louder as the intervening distance lessened. Yes, there was no longer any room for doubt: powerful motors and chattering Tommy guns mixed madly in a wild crescendo, with screaming sirens and screeching brakes furnishing the obligato.

The Trooper went into action. He swung the cycle off its stand and stepped down hard on the starter-pedal. The motor roared into life. Marden wheeled the machine back of a clump of bushes, out of sight of the road, and swung his legs astride the

saddle. There he sat, tensely waiting, gun in hand, while the cars progressed toward him swathed in clouds of dust. They screamed around turns and hammered away at each other viciously.

Presently Marden could discern the cars. Evidently the mobsters had either picked up a car from a hide-away or had stolen one; for the first two cars in the mad parade were both shooting toward the rear, though the first car could do little, except on turns, without endangering the occupants of the second. Four police cars roared after them.

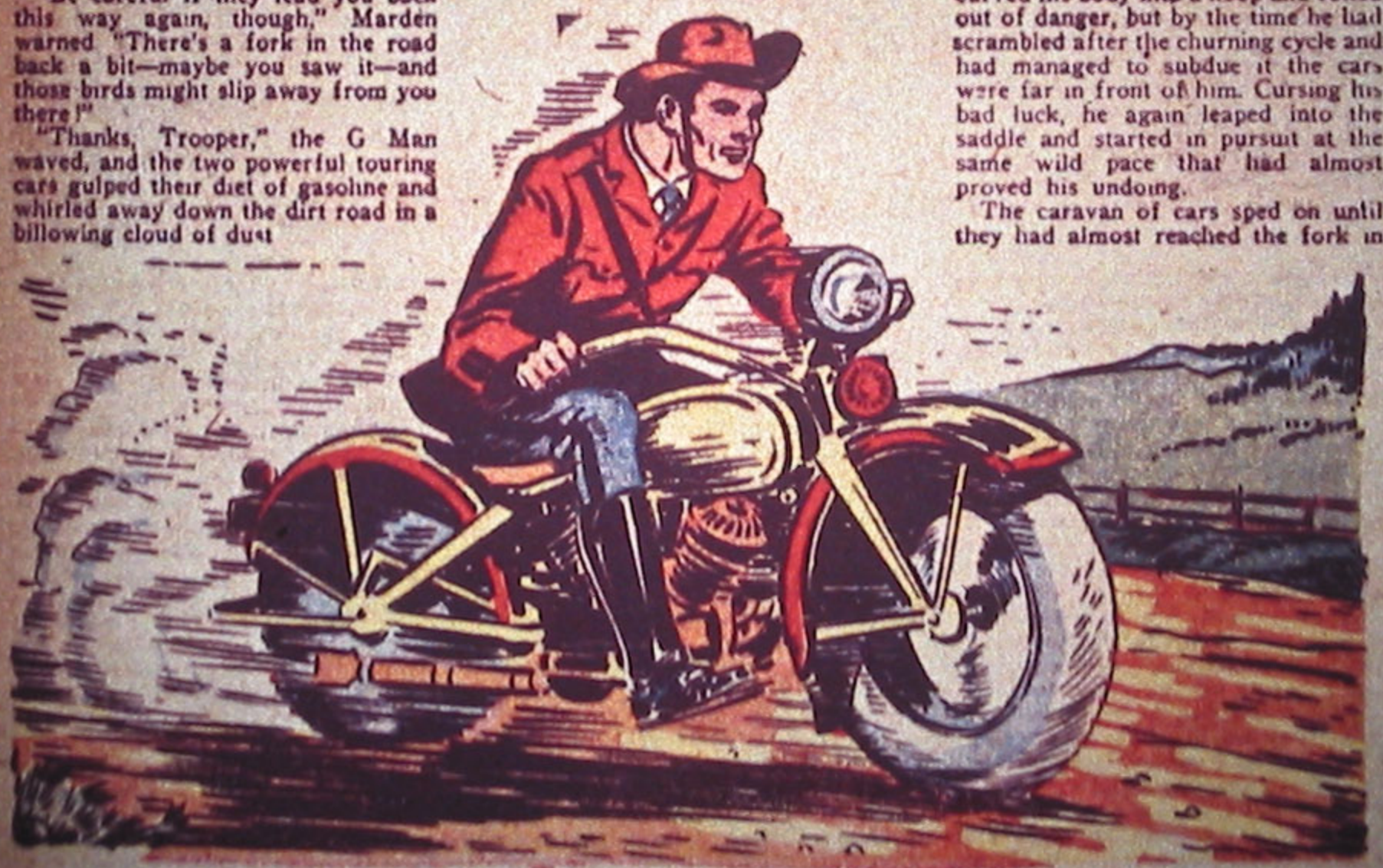
Marden swung his cycle to the roadside and fired point blank at the first of the approaching cars. He saw the windshield shatter and the man beside the driver slump in his seat. Before he could fire again the cars had raced past him. He threw the motorcycle into speed and gave it the gun in an attempt to keep pace with the cars.

Dry dirt roads make poor highways for motorcycles. Two wheeled vehicles skid about in dry dust worse than they would on wet macadam. Marden knew it was folly to try to maintain his present speed, but he grimly attempted it.

Tires screaming their anguished protest, the cars wheeled precariously around a turn without mishap, but Marden's luck was not so good. The motorcycle skidded from under him and writhed around in the ditch like a live thing, throwing the Trooper almost in the tracks of the hundred horsepower juggernauts that plowed fiercely through the waves of dust beside him.

Like a jockey thrown from his horse in a steeplechase, Marden curved his body into a hoop and rolled out of danger, but by the time he had scrambled after the churning cycle and had managed to subdue it the cars were far in front of him. Cursing his bad luck, he again leaped into the saddle and started in pursuit at the same wild pace that had almost proved his undoing.

The caravan of cars sped on until they had almost reached the fork in





the road of which Marden had spoken to the G Men. Then a burst of bullets from the leading police car buzzed angrily past the nearest bandit auto and chopped viciously into the rear tires of the first.

**T**HE car lurched drunkenly. The driver of the other mobcar veered desperately to avoid collision, and with a tearing of fenders slipped miraculously past the disabled sedan and streaked madly up the left fork of the road. Its rear end swinging dangerously from side to side of the narrow road, the other bandit machine crashed headlong into a huge oak that parted the two forks of the road, then rolled over with a sickening thud into the very center of the fork that had opened as an avenue of escape for the other carload of gunmen.

The police cars braked to screaming, sudden stops, and Federal men

leaped from the tonneaus gripping rifles and Tommy guns in anxious hands. The occupants of the wrecked sedan, however, were in no mood for battle. Stunned and bleeding from the crash, the three mobsters submitted meekly to arrest.

But the other bandit car was in a fair way to escape. The wrecked sedan had blocked the narrow road so completely that it was impossible for any of the police cars to get through.

The G Men were frantically hitching towropes to the carcass of the automobile, and were tugging and straining to move it, but it was apparent that the other carload of gunmen would be far out of reach before they could again take up the chase.

This was Marden's chance. Upon him rested the responsibility of checkmating the escape of Doran himself and the three trigger men who rode with him. A car couldn't get around

that hulk of a wrecked car in the road, but a motorcycle could!

The Trooper wheeled his machine violently past the obstruction and opened the throttle wide. The cycle leaped eagerly forward.

The bandit car was far ahead, winding up the tortuous mountain road at breakneck speed. Marden soon realized that there was no possibility of his overhauling the sedan if he stuck to a straight chase over these mountain roads, so he concentrated on simply holding the distance between himself and his quarry to a minimum until such time as they should reach that dangerous stretch of road known as Suicide Swing. There, he figured, he might be able to pull a trick that would outwit the gangsters.

Suicide Swing was the first crazy turn in a long series of breath-taking angles in the road which ran on and on along the side of the mountain for a considerable distance without actu-



ally letting a vehicle progress much in altitude. That road lent Marden the added advantage of making it impossible for the occupants of the car to know how near or how far behind them pursuit was, for the traverses of the trail forbade vision for more than a few hundred feet in either direction at any time.

The moment the sedan had swung around Suicide Swing Marden throttled his motor down and looked for some part of the steep slope of the mountain itself which might make motorcycle climbing practicable. It was going to be very tough going in any event, so the Trooper wasted little time in choosing his terrain.

He opened the throttle wide again and charged at the bumpy slope much as do the trick riders one sees attempting to scale Pike's Peak in the newsreels. Here and there the ground leveled off somewhat and made the going comparatively easy, but most of the climb was accomplished by racing the motor and digging into the earth with hobnailed heels. Sometimes Marden was half thrown from the saddle and was forced to leap to the ground in order to guide his wildly plunging steed. At last he gained a footpath, along which he made fine time, but at length that easy avenue terminated and he again had to force his way up the uneven ground.

Yet he made encouraging progress. He knew that the bandit car would be considerably slowed up by the turns in the cliffside wall, and with a little continued luck he figured to be at the top of the road a minute or two before they swung over the crest.

The slope became suddenly steeper near the top, and at last the motorcycle, no longer able to fight the overpowering pull of gravity, slid from beneath the Trooper and careened down the mountainside, crashing from rock to rock and leaping high into the shattered air like a ballet dancer.

Marden grasped desperately at the exposed roots of an overhanging tree. He didn't want to follow the motorcycle in a wild descent of the mountain.

"That's two of 'em I've wrecked today!" he grunted.

He wasted no further time in solid-quizzing, however. Pulling himself up over the crest he scrambled to his feet and ran across the plateau to where the roadway cut across the mountain before it began to wind down the other side. Here, the road was cut through a wall of rock which sloped at a steep angle for fifteen feet above it. Rocks, large and small, littered the slope precariously.

"Perfect!" exulted Marden.

**H**E tugged at rock piles, bruising and lacerating his fingers. A few smaller stones rattled down the slope and scattered across the road ineffectually. Marden grimaced disgustedly. This was going too slowly, and he could hear the Duran car noisily laboring up the hill. He knew that time was growing short; could he make the road impassable in time?

The Trooper kicked viciously at the imbedded rocks. Finally a lucky blow released the keystone of a large section of strata, and with a roar an avalanche of rock tumbled down the slope and piled up in the road.

"That does it!" Marden said aloud. "The car hasn't been made that could climb that pile at more than two miles an hour!"

He dodged behind a boulder and drew his service pistol just as Duran's car gained the summit. The driver slammed on his brakes as the blocked road confronted him, and for a moment the gangsters were immobile, figuring a way out of their dilemma.

It was evident that they suspected no human agency of starting that rockslide. Finally the driver edged the car slowly toward the pile. Behind them lay pursuit, possible capture and even death; ahead, liberty—if they could get the big sedan over that heap of stones!

They had no alternative. The car jogged over the first few smaller stones and began to strain against the larger ones when Marden shouted from his place of concealment: "Stop where you are!"—and sent a well-aimed bullet into one of the front tires.

A burst of machine gun bullets poured from the car and sent a hail

of stone chips from the corner of the boulder behind which Marden concealed himself. Close!

The Trooper risked a shot from the other side of the huge rock, and the man beside the driver slumped suddenly in his seat.

Bending and running close to the ground the other three gunmen scuttled out of the car and raced for cover. Marden winged one of them through the shoulder, and with a scream the gangster dropped his Tommy gun.

The Trooper changed his hiding-place. He didn't want those fellows circling around behind him and using him for a target. Much better for them to be the targets than himself.

He found another huge rock that commanded a view of the entire landscape, and waited for one or the other of the thugs to show his head. Presently he saw one of them dragging the wounded member of the gang through the tangled scrub. Marden sent a bullet winging down. The gangster pitched forward and lay still on the ground, done for. The wounded man tried to crawl on by himself, but the effort proved too great; he rolled onto his back, gasping with pain. Marden knew he had nothing to fear from him.

That left only Doran himself, and the gang-chief was stalking him. Marden realized, armed with a sub-machine gun, against which a pistol was a pretty poor match.

He ran down the slope again, keeping as much under cover as the scant underbrush would allow. Cautiously he crept from boulder to boulder.

Then he heard the motor of the sedan turning over! Doran was trying a getaway, even with a crippled tire on one front wheel!

Marden cast caution to the winds and darted into the open, running desperately toward the car in great bounds, zigzagging as he went. He couldn't shoot effectively with a pistol unless the range was shortened. Before he brought his gun into play Moran started peppering him with slugs from his Tommy gun. The Trooper fell prone and began to pick deliberately at his foe. Shooting down from an angle like this gave him an advantage, and he soon forced Doran to scramble out of the car and into the comparative safety of the further side.

DORAN knew that if the siege went on for long the Federal men would eventually arrive to aid the Trooper, so he was forced to take advantage of fighting it out now with his lone adversary.

Public Enemy No. 1 stepped into the open and leveled the machine gun in Marden's direction. Flame spat from the jittering nozzle, and bullets started kicking up the ground around the Trooper. One nicked him lightly on the shoulder, another bored a hole through his campaign hat. Marden felt as though his body must be five feet thick as he tried to hug the ground.

Finally, with a last savage burst, the hateful chatter of the Tommy gun ceased. Marden looked up cautiously in time to see Doran leave the empty weapon disgustedly over the cliff. Then the Trooper stood up.

"Now it's a little more even, Doran!" he cried. "Reach for your gun—I figure on giving you a shooting lesson!"

Before the gun in Marden's hand Doran had raised his arms over his head in token of surrender, but he read in the cold eyes of the Trooper that this was not to be the end of the story. This was a fight to the death, a personal duel.

Slowly his arms came down, and his right hand moved cautiously toward his shoulder-holster.

"Go on!" yelled Marden. "Draw!"

With a lightning-like movement Doran's hand yanked the heavy auto-

matic from its scabbard, and a .45 slug sang past Marden's ear. Deliberately the Trooper took aim while the gangster fired again, then Marden's finger tightened on the trigger.

The impact of the bullet swung Doran half around. A look of wonderment came over his face. Then he staggered slowly backward, the gun falling from his nerveless fingers, until he stood wavering for a moment with his back to the brink of the cliff.

Then he disappeared.

An involuntary shudder passed through the Trooper's body, but his attention was drawn to the sound of approaching cars, the Federal men were arriving on the scene.

Slowly Marden replaced his gun in its holster and turned to meet the others. Doran's shooting lesson was over, and so was the search for Public Enemy No. 1.

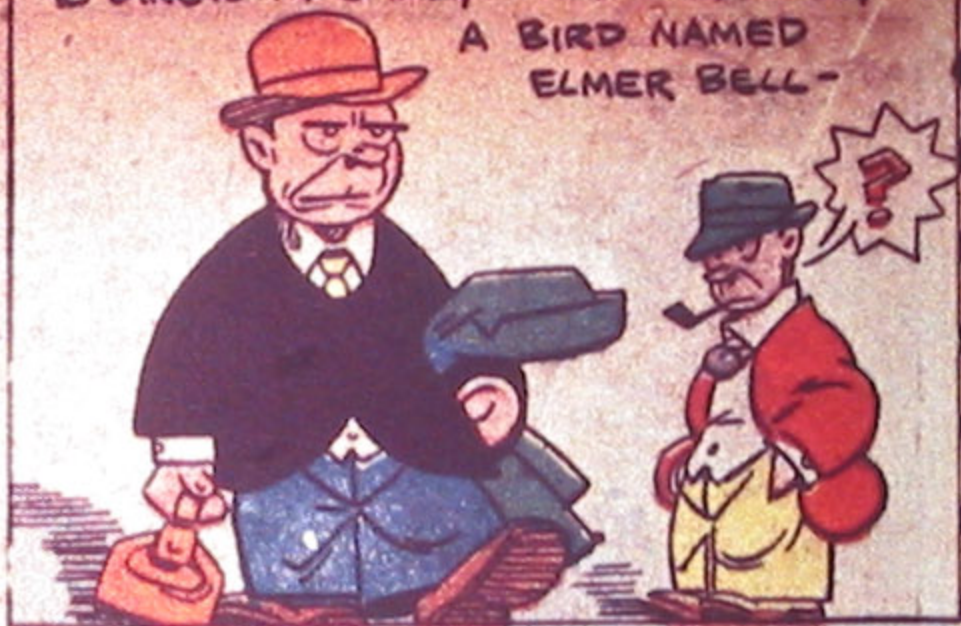
#### THE END



# The Wales Case

BY ALGER

TO DINGTOWN CAME, IN DAYS OF YORE,  
A BIRD NAMED  
ELMER BELL -



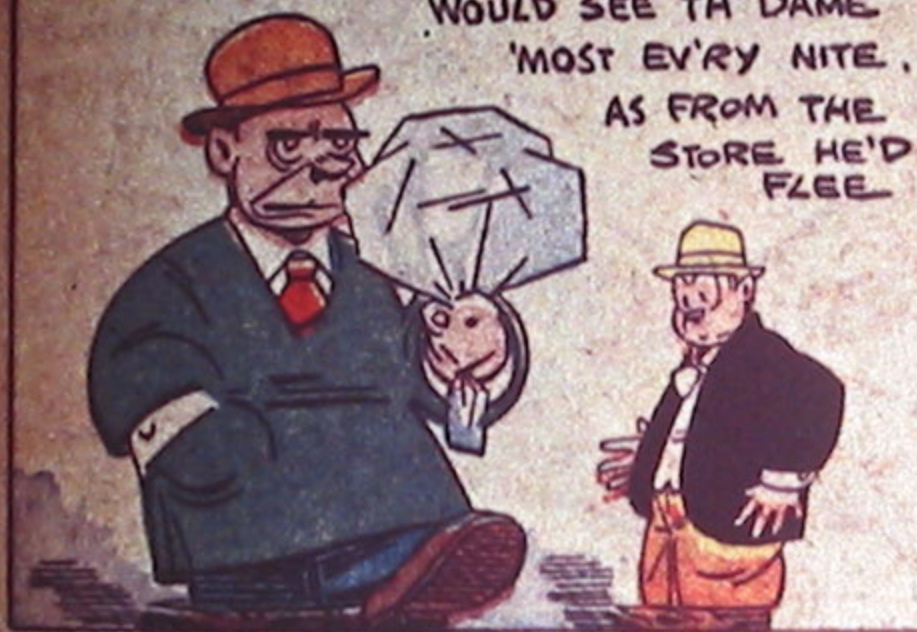
HE TOOK A JOB IN SIBLEY'S STORE  
AND ROOMS AT BROWN'S  
HOTEL



HE GOT TO DATING HELEN WHITE  
IN FACT IT GOT SO HE



WOULD SEE TH' DAME  
'MOST EV'RY NITE,  
AS FROM THE  
STORE HE'D  
FLEE



WITH HELEN HE'D TO PARTIES GO  
AND PLAY AND SING A BIT

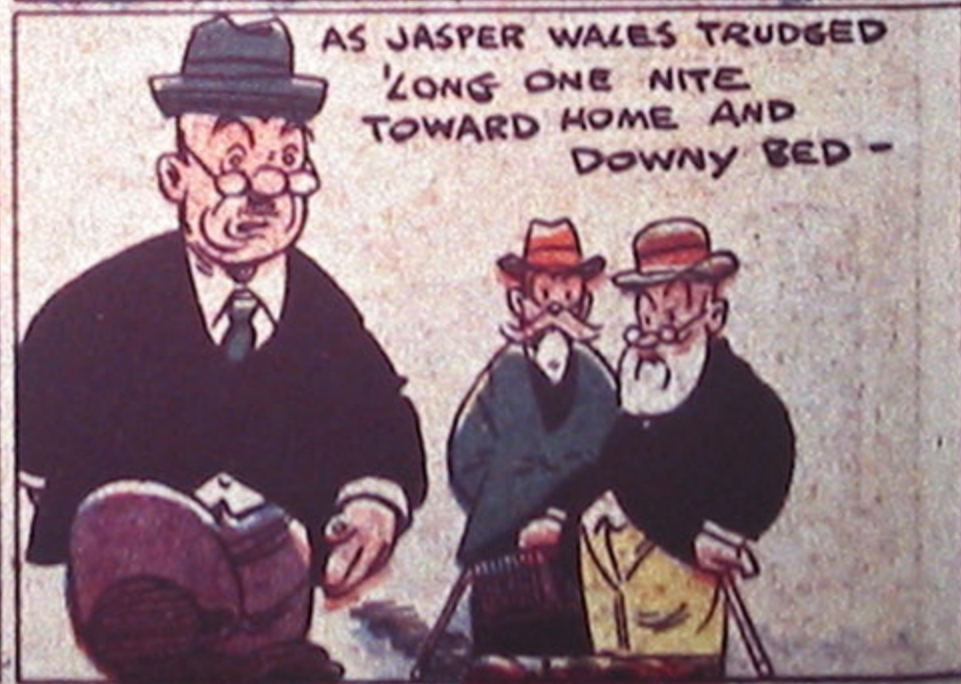


YOU'RE  
CLEVER  
!!

IN FACT, ALONG THE  
SOCIAL ROW  
THIS BELL MADE  
QUITE A HIT!

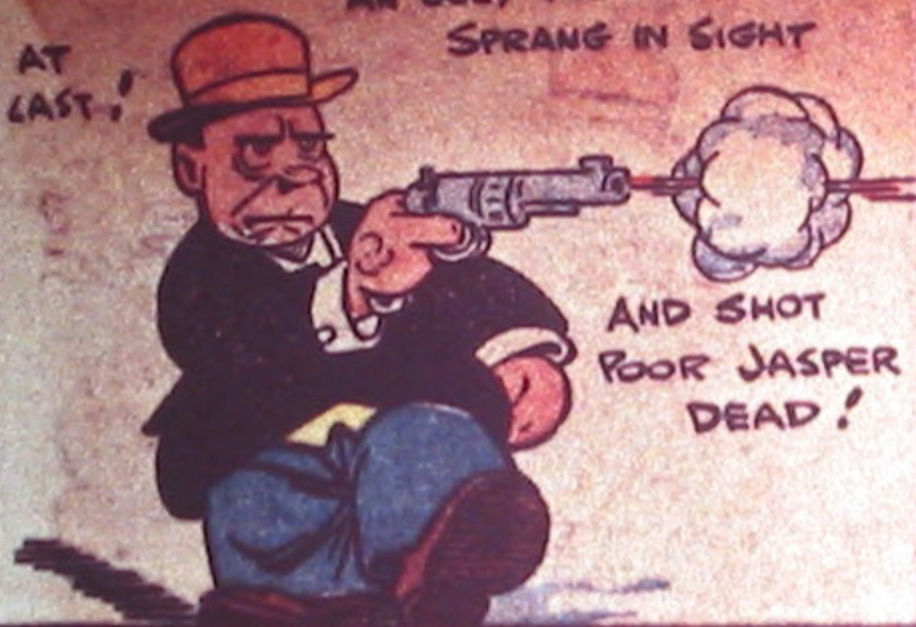


AS JASPER WALES TRUDGED  
'LONG ONE NITE  
TOWARD HOME AND  
DOWNY BED -



AT  
LAST!

AN UGLY FIGURE  
SPRANG IN SIGHT



AND SHOT  
POOR JASPER  
DEAD!

YOU'RE  
SURE,  
EH?



AND GRANDPA  
SPEARS, WHO'D  
SEEN IT ALL,  
WAS VERY  
QUICK TO  
TELL

IT WAS  
BELL  
!



- AND SO WAS COE,  
ASPINWALL -  
"THE DEED WAS  
DONE  
BY  
BELL!"

IT WUZ  
HIM  
AW  
RITE  
!



AND, TOO, A BOY  
CALLED DIMWIT  
BAYLES,  
WAS FOUND, WHO  
SAID HE  
SAW

LOOKS LIKE  
A CLEAR  
CASE!

"THAT FELLER BELL  
SHOOT MR. WALES"

THE COPS COULD  
FIND NO FLAW -



THE  
CHARGE  
IS  
ABSURD  
!



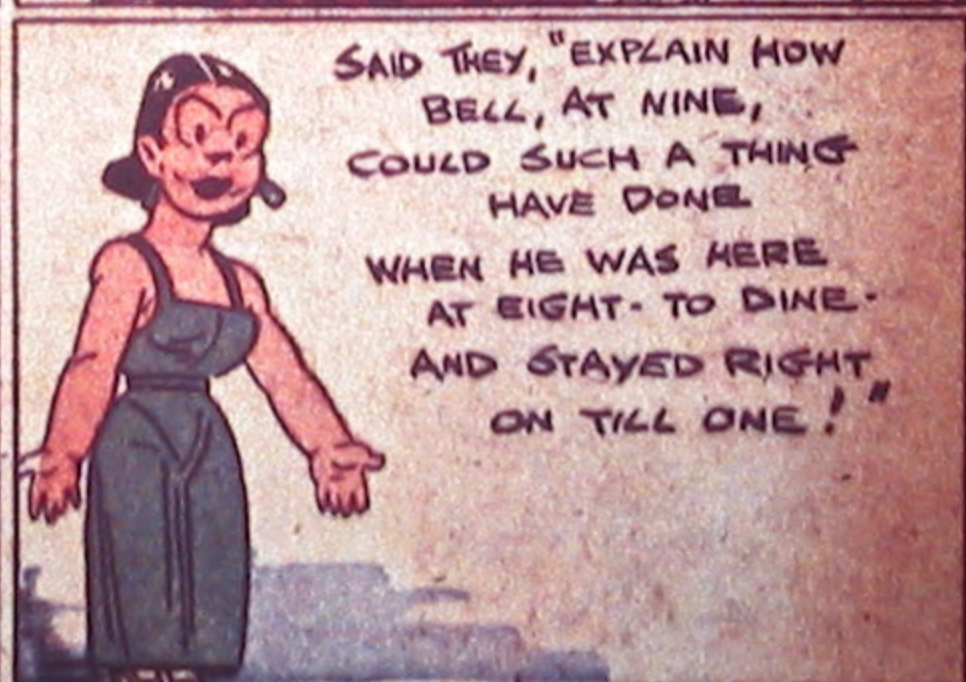
NO FLAW, THAT IS,  
UNTIL THEY FOUND  
SOME FIFTY PARTY  
GUESTS

IT'S SILLY!

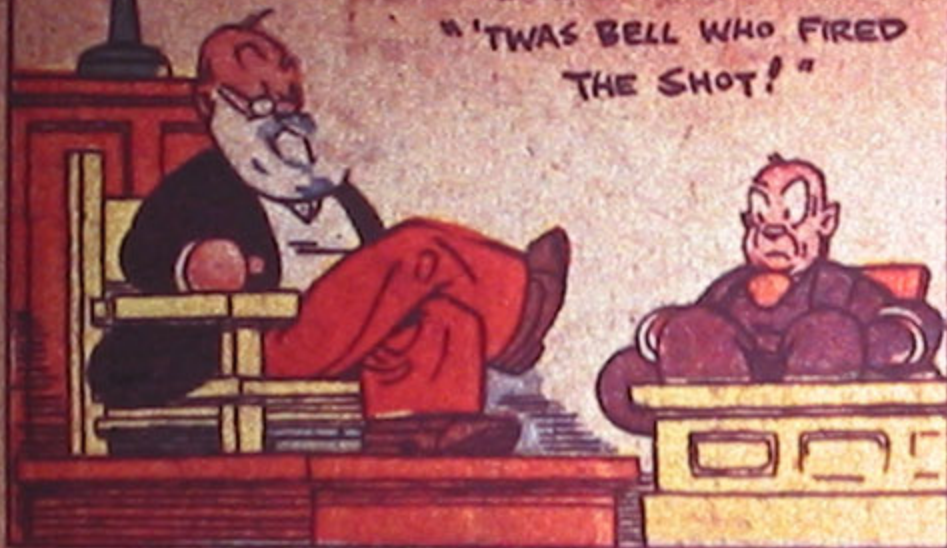


WHO LISTENED  
TO THEIR  
QUESTIONS AS  
THEY WOULD  
TO IDLE JESTS

SAID THEY, "EXPLAIN HOW  
BELL, AT NINE,  
COULD SUCH A THING  
HAVE DONE  
WHEN HE WAS HERE  
AT EIGHT - TO DINE -  
AND STAYED RIGHT  
ON TILL ONE!"



IN COURT 'T WAS JUST THE SAME -  
THREE SAID,  
" 'T WAS BELL WHO FIRED  
THE SHOT! "



WHILE FIFTY SWORE,  
WITH SHAKE OF HEAD,  
" IT CERTAINLY  
WAS NOT! "



THEM OL' MEN  
AND TH' DIMWIT  
WUZ SKEIN'  
THINGS!

A FEW SAID, " FIFTY CAN'T  
BE WRONG -  
WE DON'T BELIEVE  
THE THREE! "



I BZIEVE 'EM!

BUT MOST, WHO'D  
KNOWN TH' THREE  
QUITE LONG,  
BACKED THEIR  
VERACITY

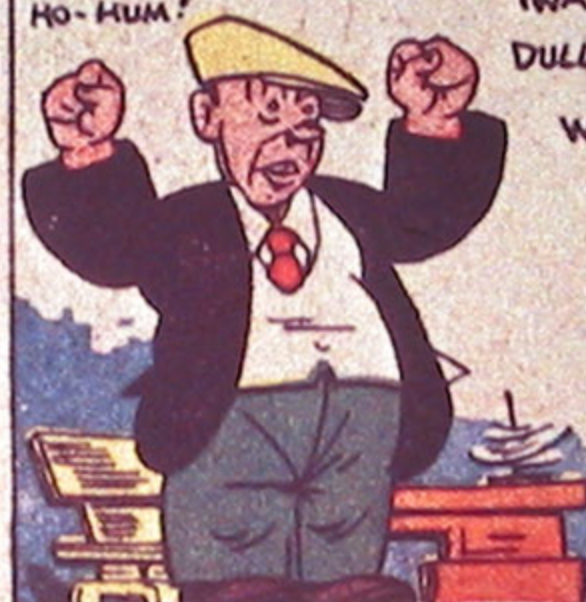


TO " LAZY " SMITH, A  
QUEERISH GUY,  
THE TOWN AT LAST  
APPEALED

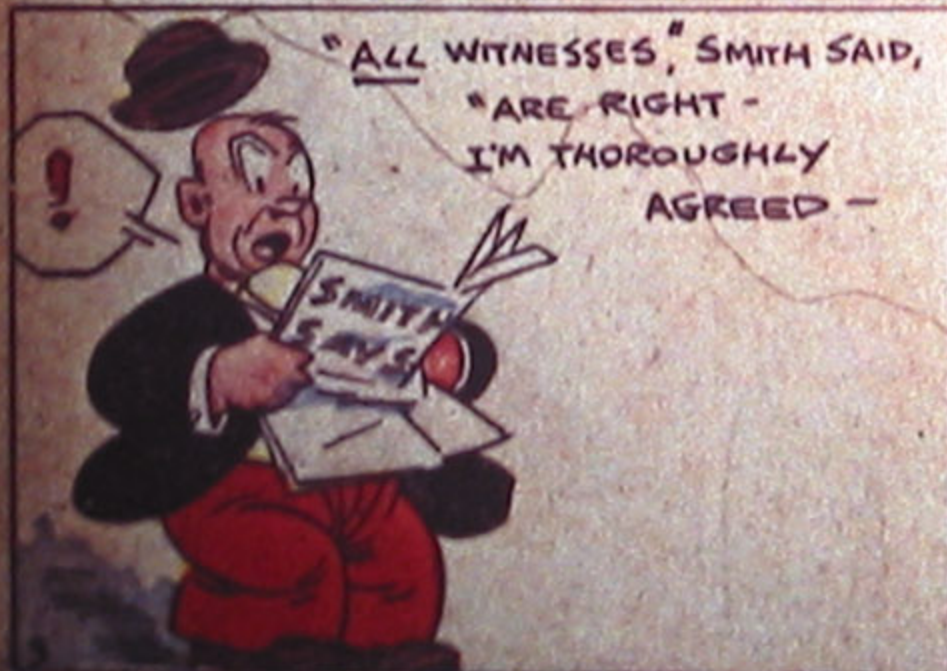


AW RITE -  
HO - HUM!

' T WAS HOPED HIS  
DULL, HALF - OPEN EYE  
WOULD FIND WHAT  
WAS CONCEALED



" ALL WITNESSES, " SMITH SAID,  
" ARE RIGHT -  
I'M THOROUGHLY  
AGREED -



- WITH THOSE WHO DINED  
AND DANCED THAT NITE  
AND THOSE WHO  
SAW THE DEED! "

SMITH'S  
BALMY!



"I'LL HAVE THE GUILTY  
SOON IN TOW  
BUT LISSSEN, DON'T  
THANK ME!!"



"JUST THANK THAT BOY -  
HE'S NOT SO SLOW -  
THAT LAD'S GOT EYES  
THAT SEE!"



"HE LAMPED A  
TATTOOED FLOWER ON  
THE KILLER'S  
SHOOTIN' HAND!"



"WHEN BAYLES TOLD THAT  
THEN CAME TH' DAWN -  
I HOPE YOU  
UNDERSTAND!"



"IT'S CLEAR AS MUD",  
THE PEOPLE SAID,  
"IT'S GIBBERISH  
YOU SPEAK!"



RUBBISH!

"YOU NEED REPAIRS  
INSIDE YOUR HEAD  
IT'S DANGEROUSLY  
WEAK!"



HO-HUM!

THEN "LAZY" SAID, "WELL!  
LOOK WHO'S HERE!  
AND NOW THE FUN  
BEGINS!"



THE TRUTH, AT LAST,  
TO ALL WAS CLEAR -  
OUR MR. BELL  
WAS TWINS!



# SPY!

JEROME  
SIEGEL  
— JOE  
SHUSTER

DO YOU, PHILIP  
MARSDEN, TAKE  
THIS WOMAN TO  
BE YOUR LAWFULLY  
WEDDED WIFE?

I DO!

NOT TODAY  
YOU WONT!  
UP! UP WITH  
YOUR HANDS!

IF ANY ONE  
MOVES, I'LL HAVE  
TO PUT A BULLET  
IN HER BRAIN!

DON'T  
MOVE, YOU  
IDIOT! HE  
MEANS IT!

WHAT IN  
HEAVEN'S  
NAME!

QUICK,  
AFTER  
HIM!

HELP ME!  
THE BRIDE-  
GROOM'S  
FAINTED!

STOP HIM!  
DON'T LET  
HIM GET  
AWAY!

SLAM

AS PURSUERS RUSH INTO THE NEXT ROOM --

LOOK!  
SOMEONE'S  
BOUND AND  
GAGGED!

THE REAL  
MINISTER!  
UNTIE HIM!

INSIDE OF A BLACK SEDAN HURLING  
MADLY ALONG THE STREETS . . .

WHAT DOES  
THIS MEAN?

HOLD YOUR  
BREATH, INGENUE!  
WE'RE THE ONES  
WHO ARE GOING  
TO ASK THE  
QUESTIONS!



LISTEN CLOSELY. WE ARE  
ABOUT TO ENTER AN APARTMENT.  
MY ARM WILL BE LOCKED IN YOURS  
AS THO IN ASSISTANCE BUT MY  
HAND WILL BE PRESSING A  
GUN AGAINST YOUR SIDE. ONE  
PEEP OUT OF YOU AND IT'LL  
BE YOUR LAST! -- PUT ON  
THIS CLOAK AND COVER  
YOUR WEDDING  
DRESS!



WHAT  
FLOOR,  
MISS?

FOURTH  
FLOOR, AND  
MAKE IT  
SNAPPY!

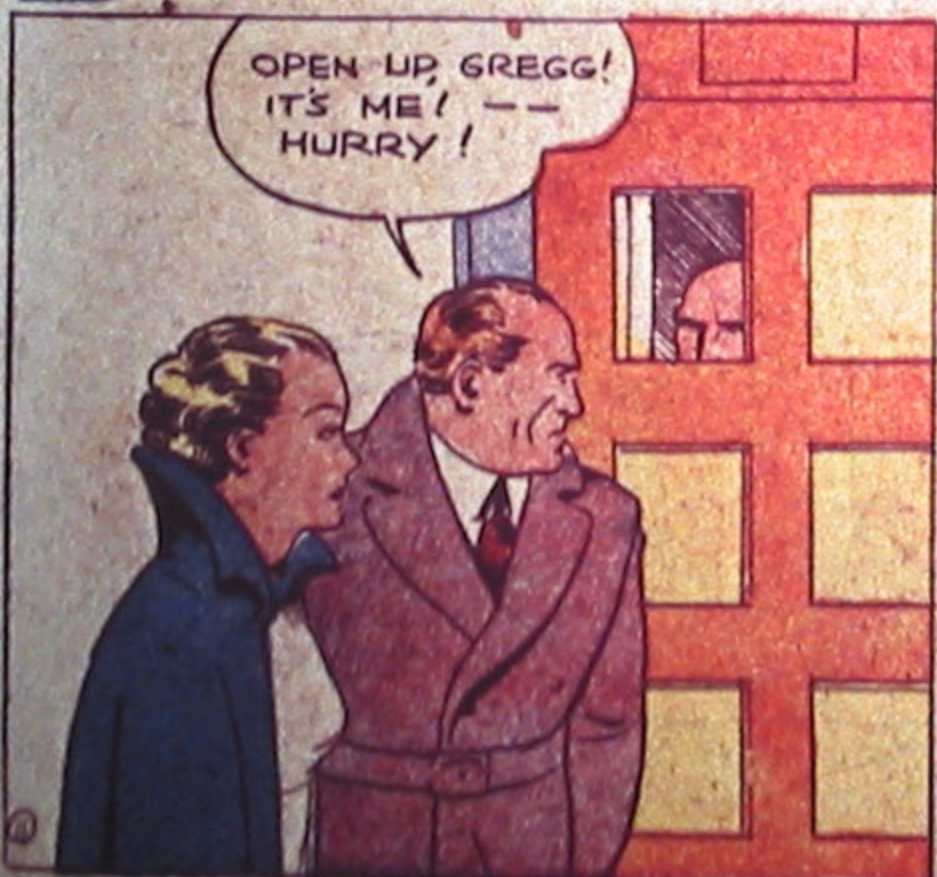


AFTER SALLY AND HER ESCORT STEP OFF  
THE ELEVATOR . . .

DID YA EVER  
SEE ANYONE SO  
STUCK UP? SHE  
WOULDN'T EVEN  
ANSWER ME!  
HER BOY-FRIEND  
HAD TO DO THE  
TALKING!



OPEN UP, GREGG!  
IT'S ME! --  
HURRY!



IS THIS THE  
WOMAN?

YES

OLGA  
BALINOFF!  
-- WHAT  
IS THIS ALL  
ABOUT?



WE REGRET HAVING SPOILED YOUR NUPTIALS BUT WE SHALL NOT DETAIN YOU FURTHER IF YOU INFORM US WHO YOUR PARTNER LAST NIGHT WAS!

SO THATS IT! YOU'RE AFTER--!!



SALLY CATCHES HERSELF FROM MENTIONING BART'S NAME JUST IN TIME

GO AHEAD! SAY THAT NAME!

I—I WON'T!



UNDERSTAND THIS: WE ARE DESPERATE; WE'LL STOP AT **NOTHING**...

HE MEANS HE'S READY TO TORTURE THE INFORMATION OUT OF YOU, SO YOU'D BETTER TALK!



BACK AT THE CHURCH, BART BERATES HIMSELF

SHE'S GONE! -- KIDNAPPED BY THE SPIES, NO DOUBT, AND IT'S ALL MY FAULT! WHY DID I EVER ALLOW HER TO GET MIXED UP IN THIS?



AT THAT MOMENT, THE REVIVING BRIDE-GROOM SQUAWKS:

GET BART REGAN! HE'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS THE CAD! JEALOUS BECAUSE I WON SALLY HE MUST HAVE HIRED THESE THUGS TO STEAL HER! CALL THE POLICE!



POLICE VISIT THE G-MAN CHIEF --

NO, I HAVEN'T SEEN REGAN SINCE I DISCHARGED HIM

THAT SETTLES IT! THE GUY WENT SCREWY AND SNATCHED THE DAME; COME ON, KELLY! THIS IS AN OPEN-AN-SHUT CASE!

RIGHT! ALL WE GOTTA DO NOW IS TELL ALL OFFICERS TO KEEP ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR THIS REGAN GUY!



SHORTLY LATER, BART PURCHASES AN EXTRA

GOOD GOSH! THEY THINK I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR SALLY'S KIDNAPPING AND EVERY COP IN TOWN IS ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR ME!

EVENING NEWS  
**FORMER G-MAN KIDNAP SUSPECT**  
"MOMMY" TALKS DRAGON!!

OLGA BALINOFF!!

-- I'LL BET THAT MINX IS BEHIND ALL THIS! WELL, I'LL SOON FIND OUT! --  
**HEY TAXI!**

WHEN BART REACHES OLGA'S APARTMENT --

YEAH... I REMEMBER, NOW! IT SEEMED TO ME I GLIMPSED A WEDDING GOWN UNDER HER CAPE

THANKS!

BART PHONES OLGA'S ROOM FROM THE LOBBY

WE'VE GOT THE APARTMENT SURROUNDED! YOU LET THAT GIRL GO FREE OR NONE OF YOU WILL LEAVE IT ALIVE!

A CLEVER RUSE -- BUT IT WON'T WORK! COME WITH ME, "CAPTAIN". WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU!

CONGRATULATIONS, OLGA! YOUR SCHEME WORKED!

I KNEW THAT OUR GALLANT LITTLE CAPTAIN WOULD COME GALLOPING TO THE RESCUE IF WE KIDNAPPED HIS SWEETHEART!

BART! WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE? WHAT DO THEY WANT OF YOU?

IT WOULD BE A PITY TO DESTROY SUCH A FINE LOOKING PAIR OF LOVERS AND SO I OFFER YOU A WAY OUT: YOUR LIVES IN EXCHANGE FOR THE RETURN OF THE BRONZE FIGURE -- WELL... WHAT IS YOUR ANSWER?

OFFERED THE ALTERNATIVE OF SACRIFICING HIS DUTY OR THE LIFE OF THE GIRL HE LOVES, BART REGAN FACES THE TOUGHEST DECISION OF HIS CAREER!

TO BE CONTINUED --

# Buck MARSHALL

## Range Detective

BY H. FLEMING



### - BULLETS IN THE DARK -

AFTER A LONG DAY'S RIDE OVER THE ROUGH MOUNTAIN TRAILS, BUCK MARSHALL IS NEARING THE BOX H RANGE THAT LIES IN THE WOODED VALLEY BEYOND.

PRESENTLY, THROUGH A BREAK IN THE DENSE FOLIAGE, HE GLIMPSES A LOG LINE CABIN. UPON GETTING CLOSER, HE REINS IN HIS PONY WHEN HE SEES TWO MEN COME OUT OF THE DOOR. THEY APPEAR TO BE ARGUING AND BUCK, DISMOUNTING, QUIETLY DRAWS NEARER, WHEN HE RECOGNIZES ONE OF THE MEN--

THIS CERTAINLY IS LUCK~ BULL LEARY- I'VE BEEN ROVING OVER THREE STATES TO MEET UP WITH THAT GENT!

I TELLYA, I'VE GOT TO HAVE ZO HEAD TO MAKE UP THE 50- I'LL SEE HIM, PRONTO!

O.K. GO SEE HIM- BUT I AINT CUTTIN' OUT ANY MORE WITHOUT ORDERS!

CROUCHING LOW BEHIND THE COVER OF THE UNDER-BRUSH AND BOULDERS, BUCK HAS NO DIFFICULTY IN HEARING THE LOUDLY SPOKEN WORDS OF THE TWO COWBOYS.

BULL TURNS TO THE CABIN DOOR AS THE OTHER MAN SWINGS INTO THE SADDLE AND RIDES OFF --  
BUCK STEPS OUT FROM THE CONCEALING BUSHES, SIX GUN LEVELLED --



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, THE OUTLAW TURNS AROUND, HIS GUN IN HAND, BUT IN A SPLIT SECOND A BULLET FROM BUCK'S GUN SENDS IT SPINNING FROM HIS GRIP --



PRODDING HIM IN THE BACK WITH THE LONG BARREL OF HIS GUN, BUCK FORCES THE OUTLAW TO MOUNT HIS HORSE, BINDING HIS ARMS AND TYING HIM TO THE SADDLE --



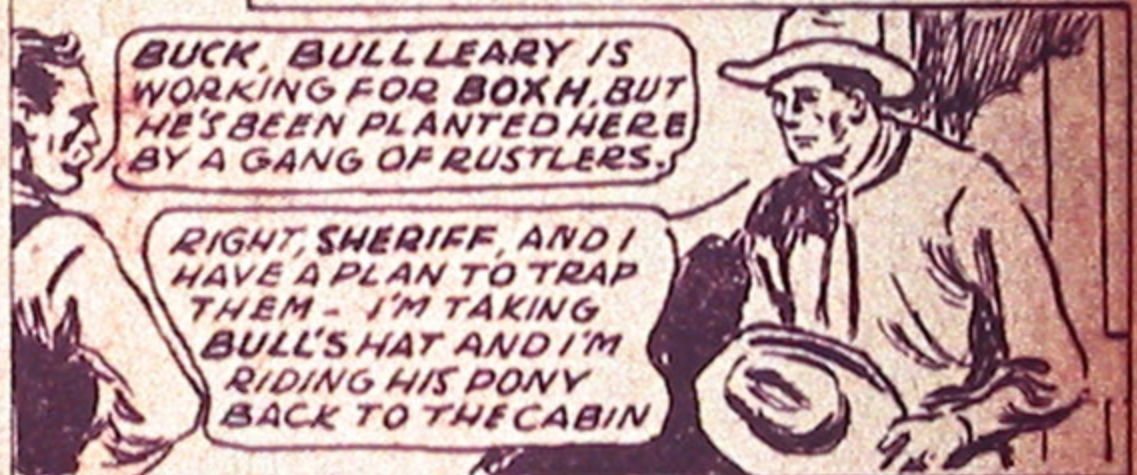
HI Y THERE, SHERIFF! I'VE BROUGHT YOU A GUEST!



AFTER SHOVING THE OUTLAW INTO A CELL, BUCK RELATES TO THE SHERIFF WHAT HE HAD OVERHEARD AT THE CABIN --



BUCK, BULL LEARY IS WORKING FOR BOX H, BUT HE'S BEEN PLANTED HERE BY A GANG OF RUSTLERS.

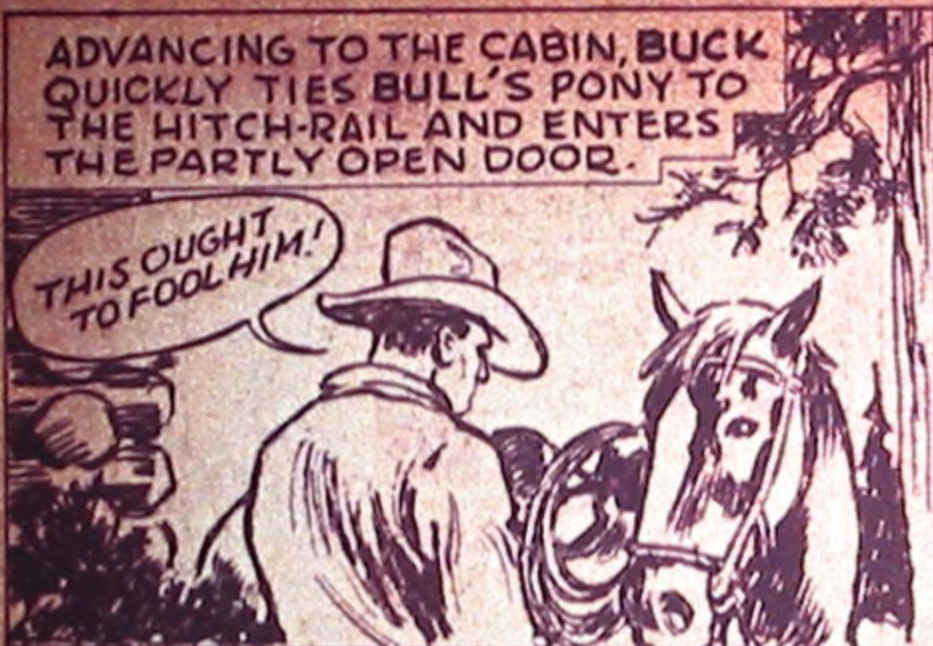


APPROACHING THE CABIN FROM THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION, BUCK TETHERS THE PONY AND CAUTIOUSLY MAKES HIS WAY ON FOOT.



ADVANCING TO THE CABIN, BUCK QUICKLY TIES BULL'S PONY TO THE HITCH-RAIL AND ENTERS THE PARTLY OPEN DOOR.

THIS OUGHT TO FOOL HIM!

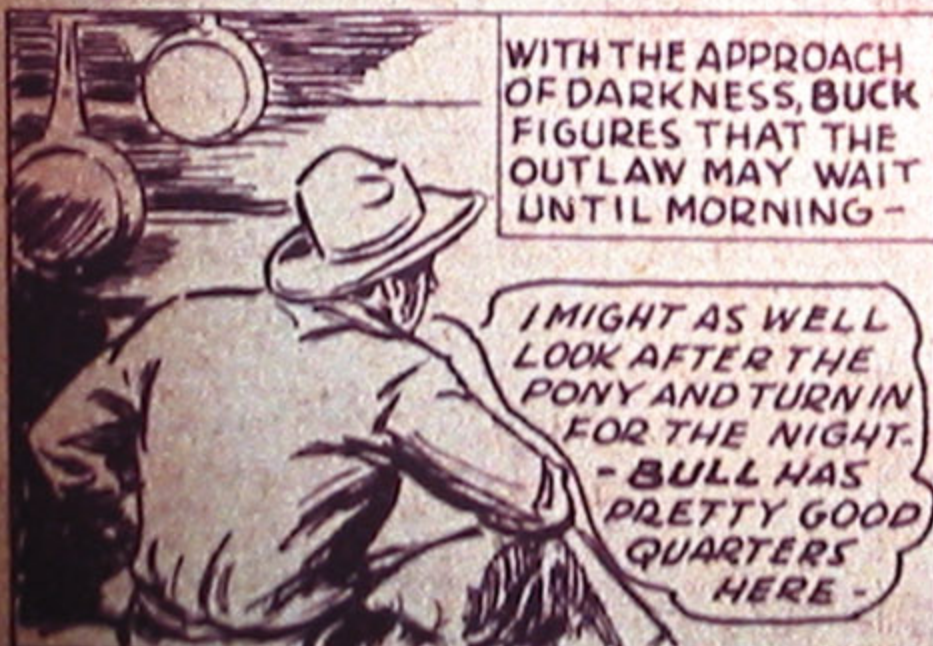


STANDING TO THE SIDE OF THE SMALL WINDOW, BUCK AWAITS HIS EXPECTED VISITOR.



WITH THE APPROACH OF DARKNESS, BUCK FIGURES THAT THE OUTLAW MAY WAIT UNTIL MORNING -

I MIGHT AS WELL LOOK AFTER THE PONY AND TURN IN FOR THE NIGHT. - BULL HAS PRETTY GOOD QUARTERS HERE -



RE-ENTERING THE CABIN AFTER ATTENDING TO THE PONY, BUCK BOLTS THE DOOR AND STRETCHES OUT IN THE BUNK -

GUESS I'LL FLOP HERE FOR A SPELL, WHILE I'VE GOT A CHANCE - I'LL KEEP ONE EYE OPEN, THOUGH -



DOZING LIGHTLY, HE AWAKES WITH A START WHEN HE HEARS A SPUR SCRAPE AGAINST A STONE ---

HE'S BACK!



QUIETLY SLIPPING FROM THE BUNK, BUCK CROUCHES TO THE SIDE OF THE WINDOW... BREATHING AUDIBLY, AS THOUGH IN DEEP SLUMBER, HE WAITS FOR HIS VISITOR.



SUDDENLY, THE DARKNESS IS PIERCED BY RED DARTS OF FLAME FROM THE BARREL OF A RIFLE THRUST THROUGH A CREVICE BETWEEN THE LOGS... HOT LEAD POURS INTO THE BUNK AND LOG WALL ABOVE -



AS THE BULLETS STRIKE THE BUNK AND WALL, BUCK UTTERS AN AGONIZED GROAN AS THOUGH MORTALLY WOUNDED --



PRESENTLY, HE FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR AS HE HEARS THE HOOF-BEATS OF A HORSE GALLOPING AWAY --



SHUCKS!  
I PLAYED  
'POSSUM  
TOO WELL!

WITH THE COMING OF DAY LIGHT, BUCK EXAMINES THE BULLET RIDDLED BUNK -- BULL'S HAT ALSO HAS A HOLE IN IT.



I'M MIGHTY GLAD  
I GOT OUT OF THAT  
BUNK WHEN  
I DID!

LOOKING FOR FOOT-PRINTS OUTSIDE THE CABIN, HE FINDS THE PLACE WHERE THE WOULD-BE KILLER HAD STOOD TO THRUST THE BARREL OF HIS RIFLE THROUGH A SMALL OPENING BETWEEN THE LOGS.



JUST AS I EXPECTED,  
THIS THING WAS  
PLANNED -- HE  
KNOW BEFOREHAND  
WHERE TO SHOVE IN  
THE RIFLE BARREL  
TO HIT THE BUNK!

BUCK FOLLOWS FOOT TRACKS DOWN A ROCKY SLOPE.



A FRESHLY BARKED  
SAPLING - HE TIED HIS HORSE  
HERE -

THE TRACKS LEAD TO A CLUMP OF BUSHES IN SIGHT OF THE CABIN -



SEEING BULL'S PONY OUTSIDE  
THE CABIN, HE WAITS HERE TO  
DRY-GULCH  
HIM -

BUSILY ENGAGED WITH HIS INVESTIGATIONS, BUCK FAILS TO HEAR THE APPROACH OF SLADE AND A RIDER FROM BOX H.

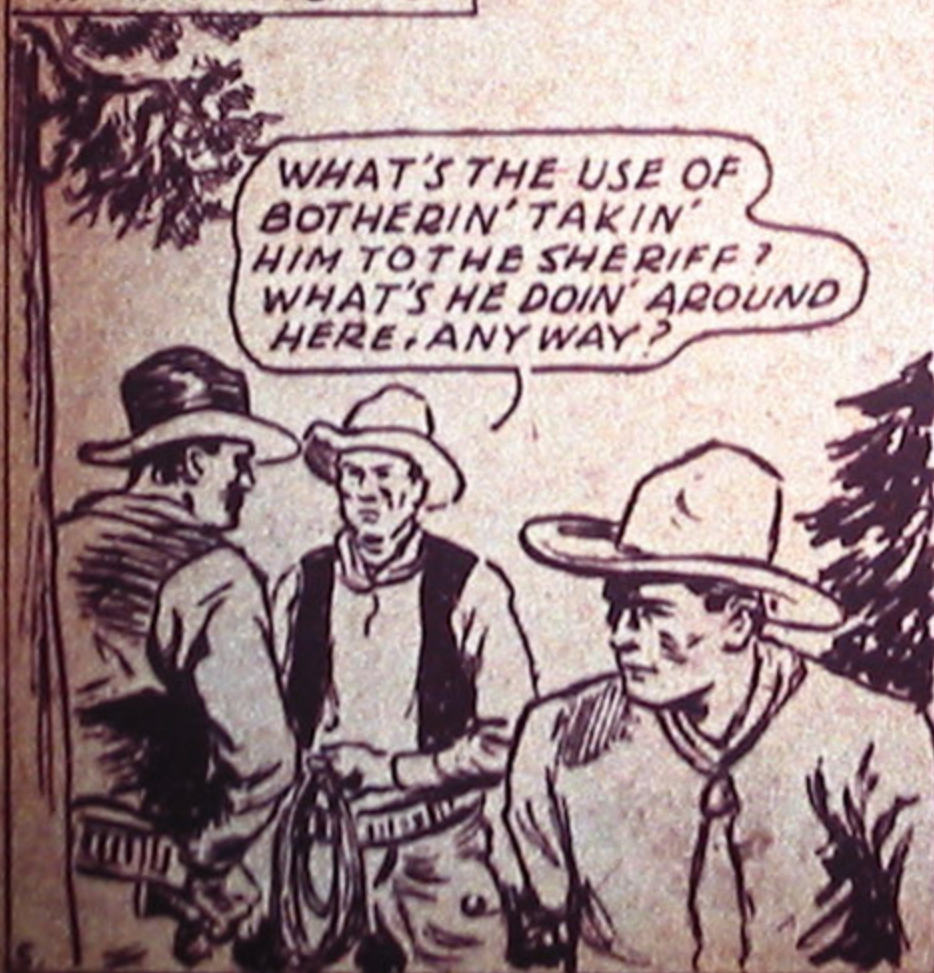


PUT UP  
YOUR HANDS!



BUCK, STEADFASTLY, REFUSES TO GIVE ANY INFORMATION CONCERNING HIMSELF, ALTHOUGH HE IS THREATENED WITH HANGING.

FINALLY DECIDING TO TAKE HIM TO THE SHERIFF, BUCK IS PUT ON A HORSE AND HEADED FOR TOWN.



THE SHERIFF IS PUZZLED WHEN THE BOX H FOREMAN AND JOE ARRIVE WITH BUCK TIED IN THE SADDLE, BUT PRETENDS THAT HE DOES NOT KNOW HIM.

WHO HAVE YOU GOT HERE, SLADE?

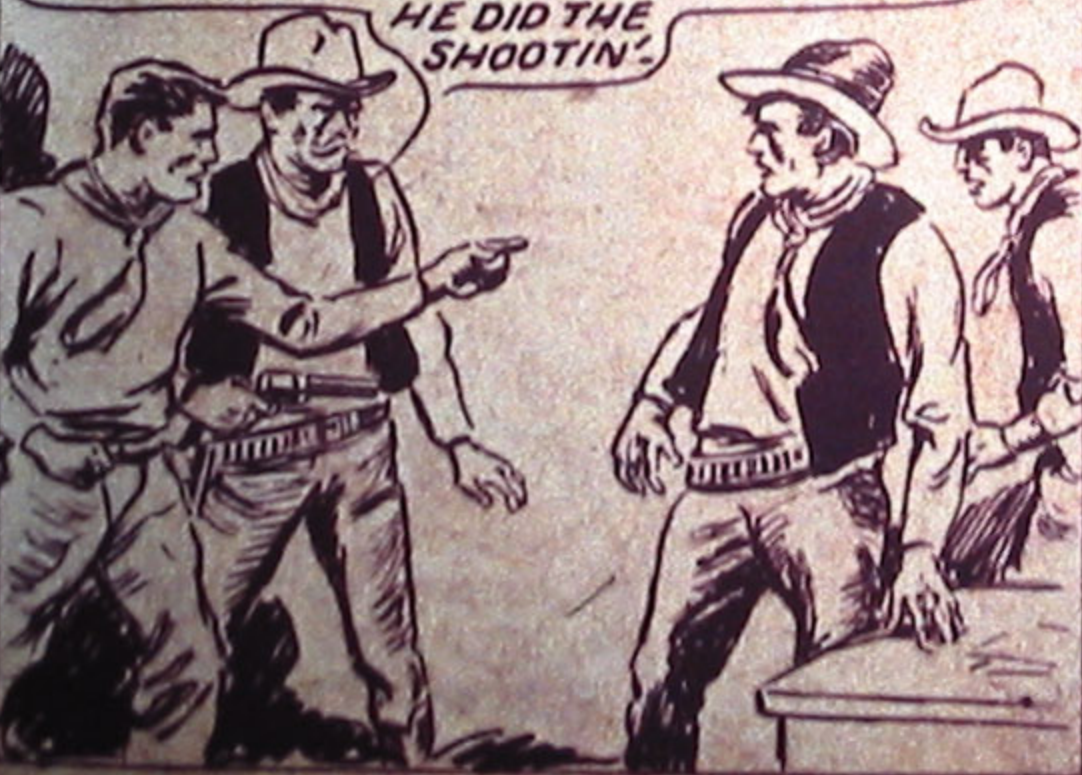
ONE OF THE RUSTLIN' GANG



I FIGURE THAT THIS HOMBRE AND BULL LEARY BELONG TO A GANG OF CATTLE THIEVES - THEY QUARRELED BECAUSE BULL THREATENED TO SQUEAL AND THIS COYOTE PLUGGED HIM - BULL'S BEEN KIND OF ACTIN' FUNNY LATELY AND —



THERE'S THE GENT YOU WANT, SHERIFF, JIM SLADE, HE'S THE HEAD OF THE RUSTLIN' GANG - HE PAID ME TO CUT OUT A DOZEN HEAD AT A TIME - THEN HE SAID HE'D GET ME BECAUSE I WANTED TO QUIT - HE DID THE SHOOTIN'.



WE FOUND THIS JASPER AT THE BOX H LINE CABIN ACTIN' MIGHTY QUEER -- I FOUND BULL'S HAT WITH A BULLET HOLE IN IT AND IT LOOKS LIKE THERE'S BEEN SOME LEAD FLYIN' IN THE CABIN.



BULL'S PONY WAS IN THE CORRAL BACK OF THE CABIN -

SUDDENLY BULL LEARY, WHO HAD BEEN LYING ON A COT IN A DARK CORNER OF THE CELL, RUSHES TO THE BARRED DOOR -



HEY, SHERIFF! LET ME OUT O' HERE - I WANT TO DO SOME TALKIN'!

WELL, BUCK, IT LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE THE RIGHT GUESTS IN THE CELL, NOW!

YES, SHERIFF, KIND OF LIKE A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE, WASN'T IT?



# SLAM BRADLEY

BY JEROME SIEGEL AND JIM BETTERS WORTH

A' HALF DOZEN MORE  
OPPONENTS AND THIS MIGHT  
BE INTERESTING!



SIGHTING A GROUP OF HOODLUMS ANNOYING A YOUNG WOMAN, SLAM BRADLEY, HARDBOILED DICK TO WHOM A DAY WITHOUT A FIGHT IS A DAY WASTED—PROCEEDS TO WADE IN WITH FLYING FISTS, THUS PRECIPITATING A BATTLE ROYAL —

IT IS SOON EVIDENT  
THAT THIS IS AN UN-  
EQUAL BATTLE - IN-  
SOFAR AS THE HOOD-  
LUMS ARE CONCERN-  
ED - A FEW MINUTES  
LATER AND THEY  
BREAK LOOSE AND  
RUN FOR THEIR  
VERY LIVES



SLAM MISTAKENLY  
GRABS A BYSTANDER.

ARE YOU A CANDIDATE  
FOR A BROKEN  
JAW TOO?

HOLD IT! I'VE  
A BUSINESS  
PROPOSITION  
FOR YOU



HERE'S ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND TWO  
FREE TICKETS - AT THE EXPO TONIGHT, GIVE  
THIS SEALED ENVELOPE TO A MAN WEARING  
A WHITE FLOWER AND CARRYING A BLACK  
CANE - HE'LL GIVE YOU ANOTHER HUNDRED

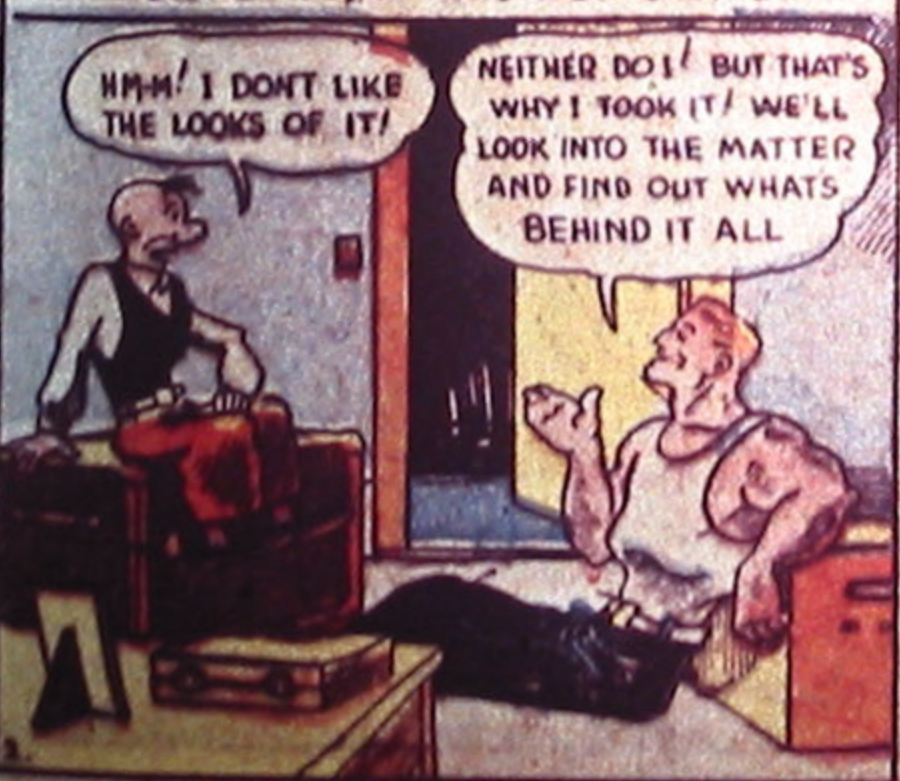
THAT'S UNUSUAL PAY FOR  
A MESSENGER-BOY - BUT I  
GIVE UNUSUAL SERVICE -  
IT'S A DEAL!



LATER - SLAM INFORMS HIS PARTNER-  
PAL, SHORTY, OF THE ASSIGNMENT

HM-M! I DON'T LIKE  
THE LOOKS OF IT!

NEITHER DO I! BUT THAT'S  
WHY I TOOK IT! WE'LL  
LOOK INTO THE MATTER  
AND FIND OUT WHAT'S  
BEHIND IT ALL



AS SLAM AND SHORTY PASS THRU THE TURNSTILES  
AT THE GATE OF THE GREAT INLAND EXPOSITION  
THAT EVENING - THEY DO NOT OBSERVE THE ATT-  
ENDANT START IN RECOGNITION AND PRESS A  
HIDDEN SIGNAL

WELL WE'RE FINALLY  
HERE - HOW DOES THE  
EXPO LOOK  
TO YOU?

GREAT!!



AT THE SOUND OF THE ATTENDANT'S BUZZED SIGNAL, SEVERAL HIDDEN OBSERVERS BECOME ALERT

IT'S THEM WITHOUT A DOUBT! GO AHEAD—SHIFTY! DO YOUR STUFF

THE ENVELOPE'S PRACTICALLY IN YOUR HANDS RIGHT NOW!!



OH --- PARDON ME --- BUDDY!

WHY DON'T YOU LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING?



DID YOU GET IT?

SURE --- IT WAS EASY



WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? LET ME HAVE IT!

IT-- IT'S GONE!



QUIT LOOKING FOR THE ENVELOPE—HERE IT IS!

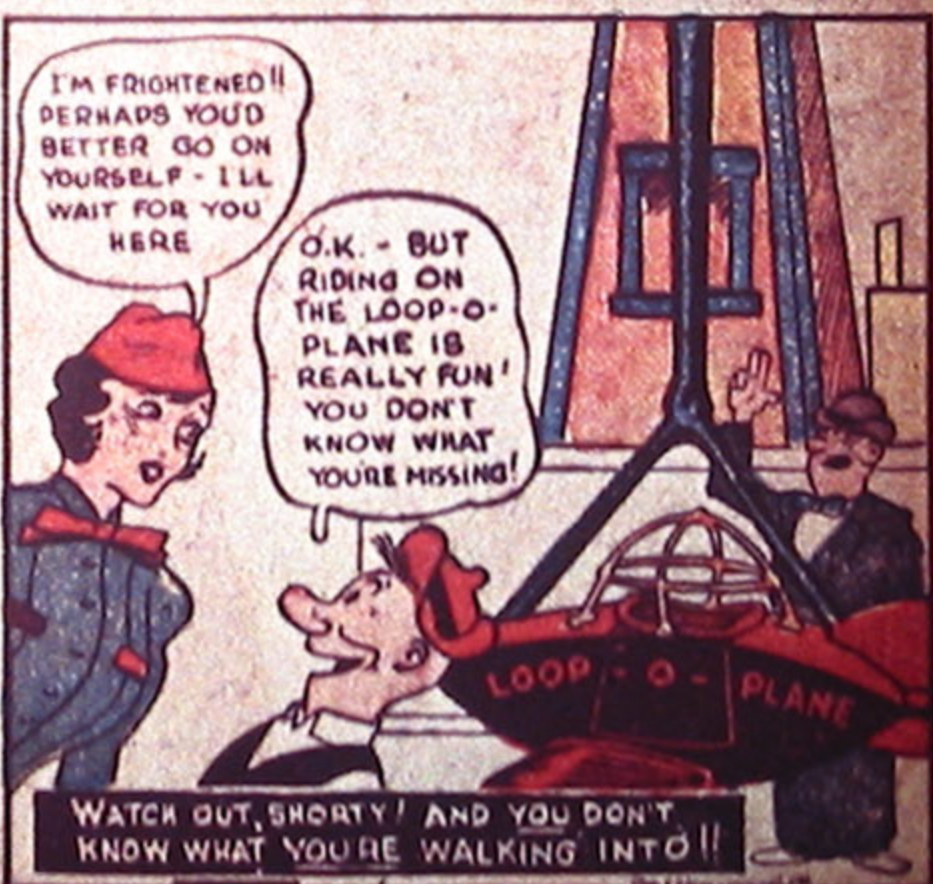
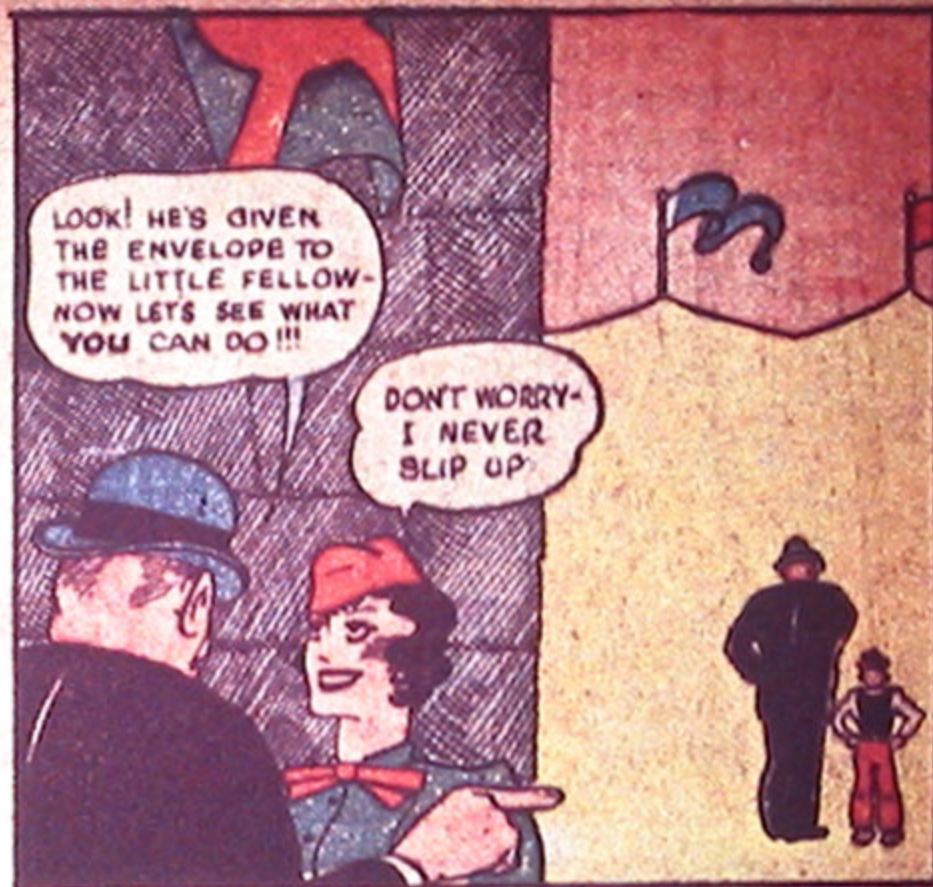
BUT—BUT HOW IN THE WORLD DID YOU GET IT?

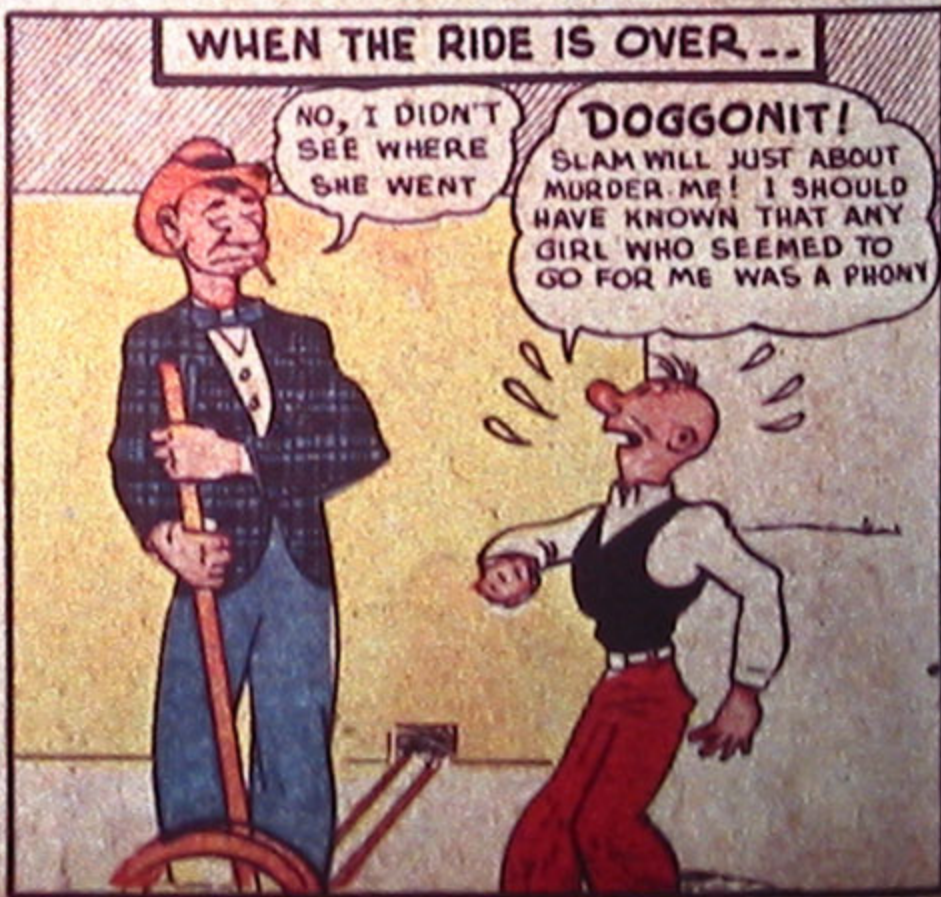
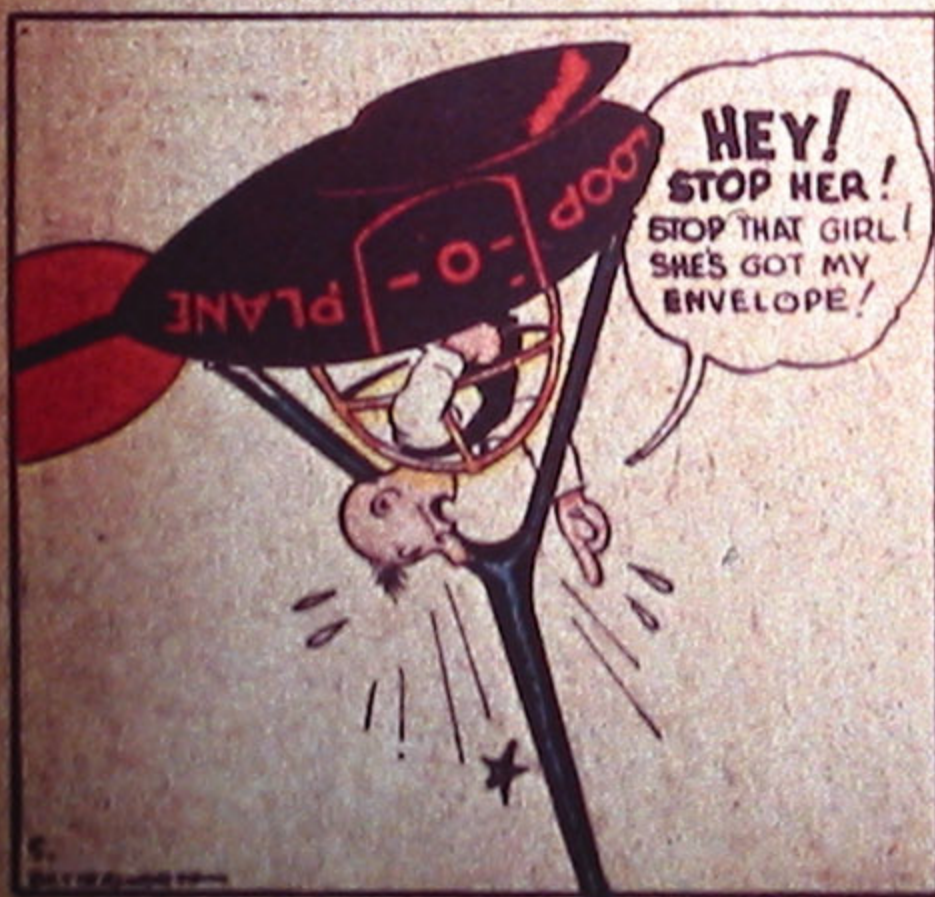
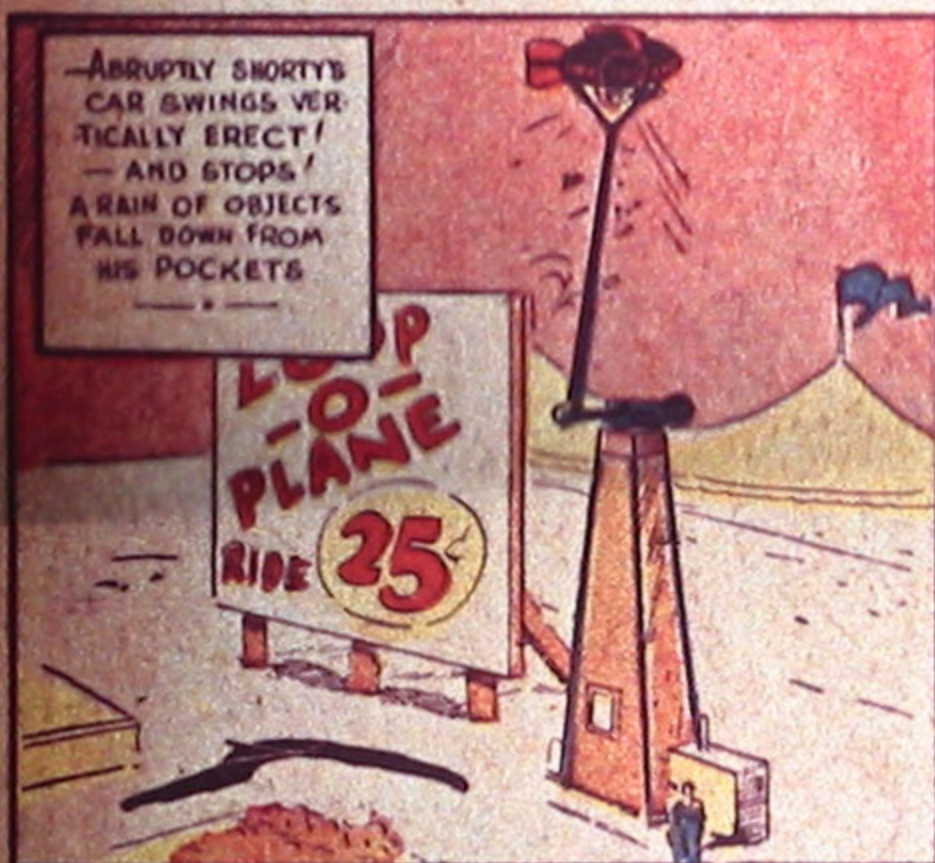
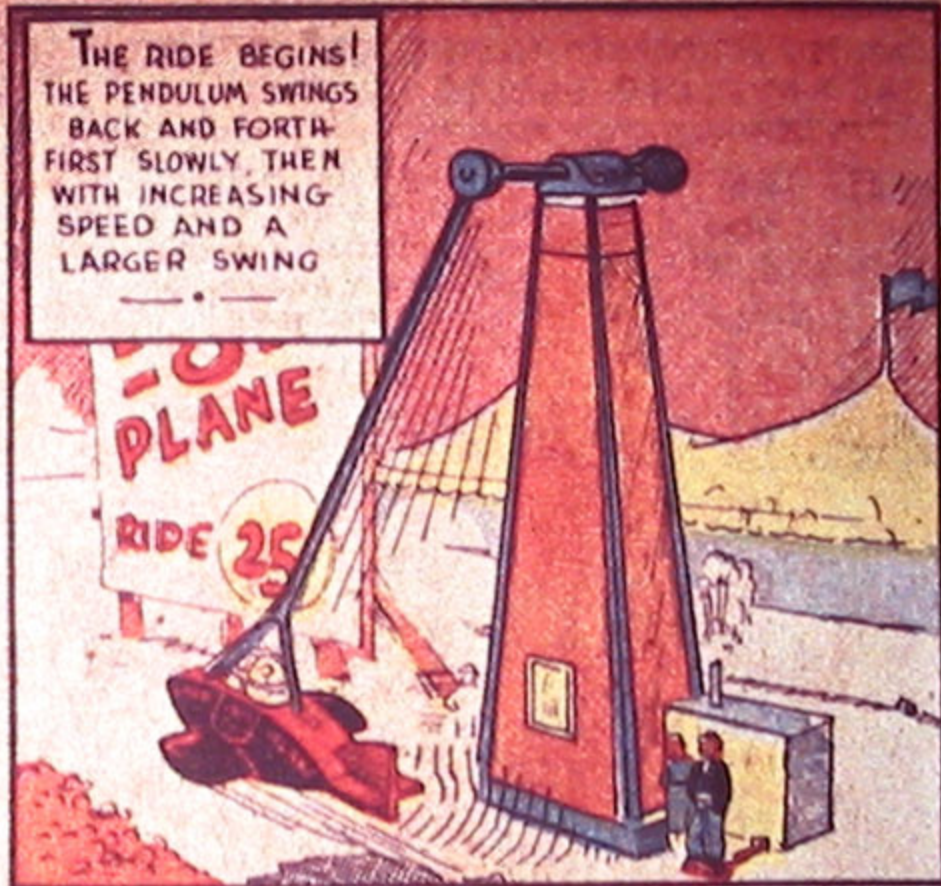


I THOUGHT THAT GUY'S BUMPING INTO YOU WASN'T ACCIDENTAL, SO AFTER HE PICKED YOUR POCKET --- I PICKED HIS

GOOD FOR YOU!







SLAM IS APPROACHED BY THE MAN TO WHOM THE ENVELOPE SHOULD BE GIVEN —

WHAT'S THAT! YOU SAY YOU DON'T HAVE IT!

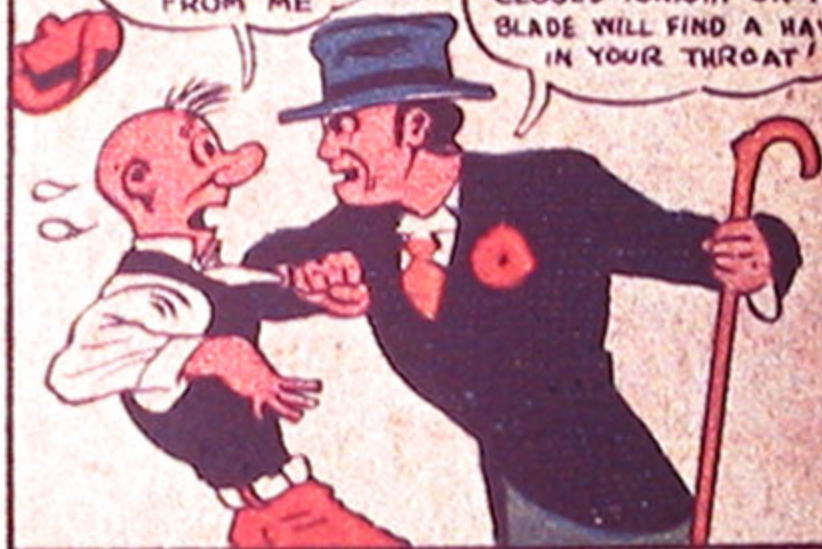
DON'T GET EXCITED, MISTER! MY PAL, A LITTLE GUY WITH A LARGE SCHNOZZLE, HAS IT — YOU'LL FIND HIM AROUND ONE OF THE RIDES HERE!



WHEN THE MAN LOCATES SHORTY —

I TELL YOU! A GOOD-LOOKING GAL SWIPED IT FROM ME!

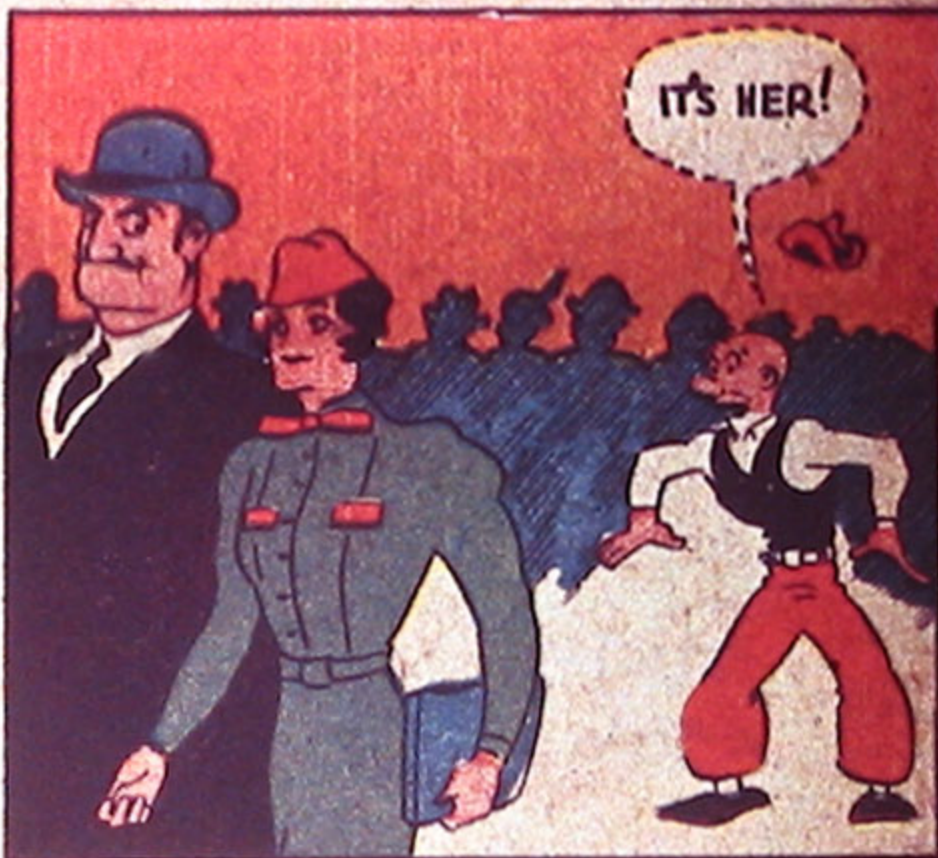
WELL, GET THIS STRAIGHT! YOU GIVE ME THE ENVELOPE BEFORE THE EXPOSITION CLOSES TONIGHT OR THIS BLADE WILL FIND A HAVEN IN YOUR THROAT!



WHY WAS I BORN? WHY DID I EVER WANT TO BE A DETECTIVE? WHY DO I FALL FOR EVERY CHISELING DAME WHO COMES ALONG?



IT'S HER!



TRAILING THE GIRL AND HER MALE COMPANION - SHORTY OBSERVES THEM STOP AND SPEAK INTIMATELY TO EACH OTHER - SO AS TO HEAR THEIR CONVERSATION EACH TIME HE SWINGS BY - SHORTY PURCHASES A RIDE ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND



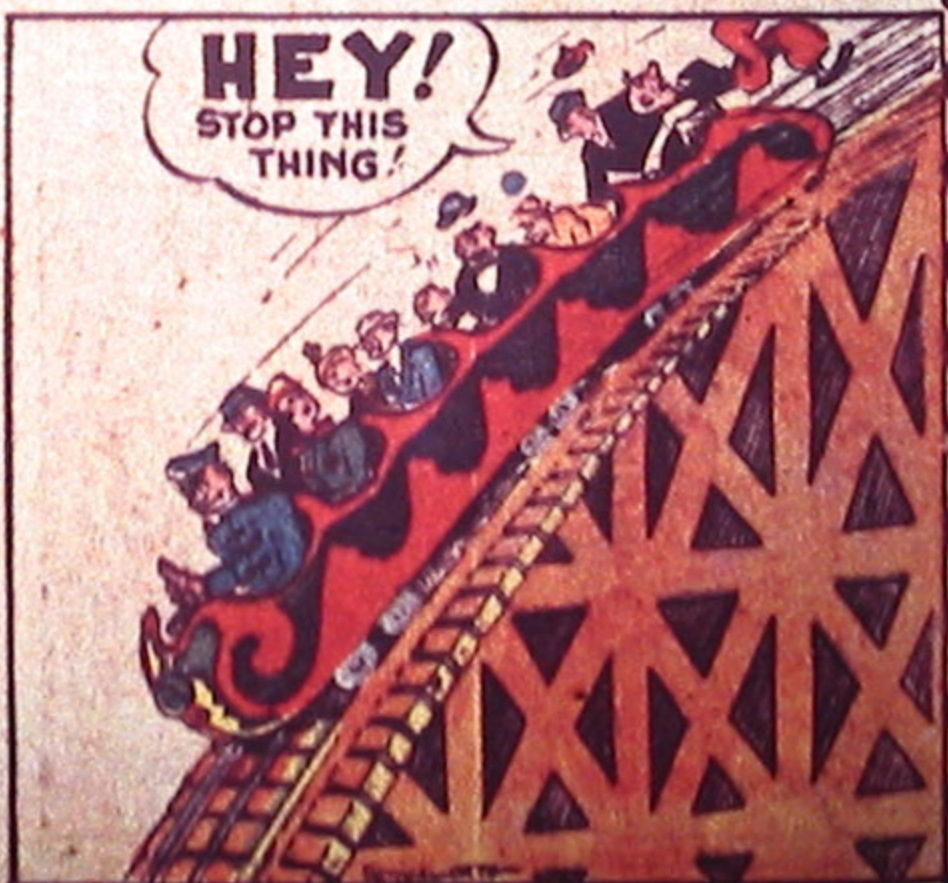
SLAM FINALLY LOCATES SHORTY

GET OFF OF THERE, YOU HALF-WIT. I'VE GOT TO TALK TO YOU!

SHHH-H-H-H! PLEASE, SLAM! SHHH-H-H-H!



AS SLAM HAULS SHORTY OFF HIS HORSE - THE GIRL AND HER COMPANION, NOTICING THE CAUSE OF THE COMMOTION, BECOME ALARMED AND DASH OFF



SLAM HAULS SHORTY BACK TO SAFETY--

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO - BREAK YOUR NECK?

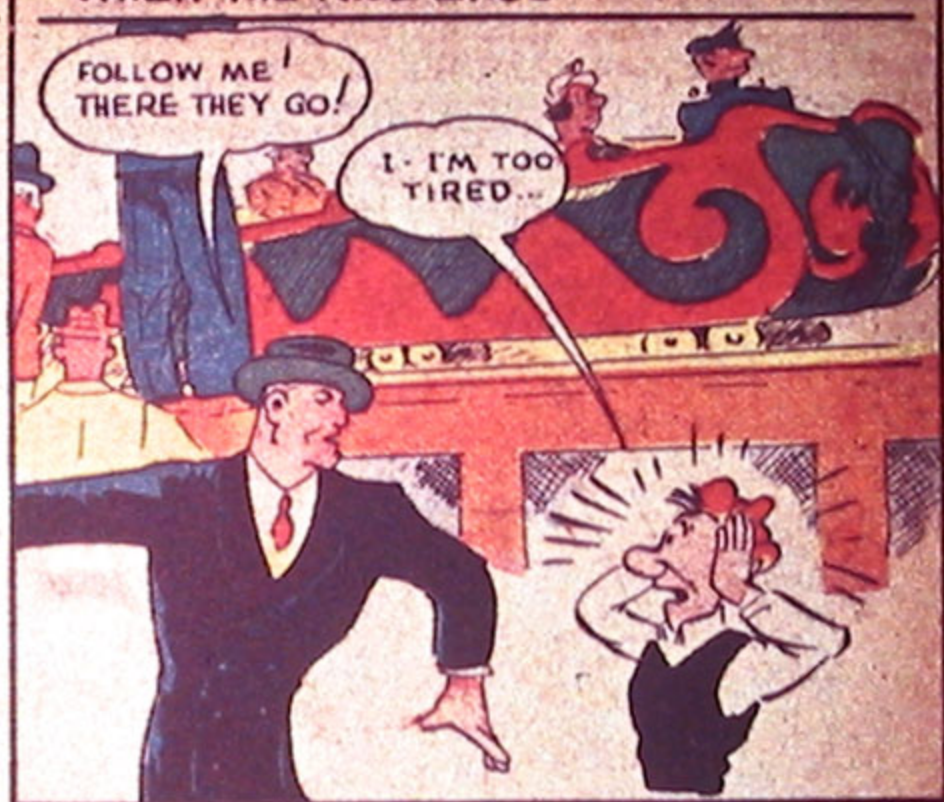
NO - SAVE IT FROM THE KNIFE OF THE GUY WE'RE TO GIVE THE ENVELOPE TO!



WHEN THE RIDE ENDS -----

FOLLOW ME! THERE THEY GO!

I - I'M TOO TIRED...



I'M SO WORN OUT I COULDN'T STOOD OVER TO PICK UP A FIVE-DOLLAR BILL

SEE

WA



YOU!  
I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

GOOD GOSH!  
IT'S THAT GUY WITH THE KNIFE -- FEET, GET GOING!



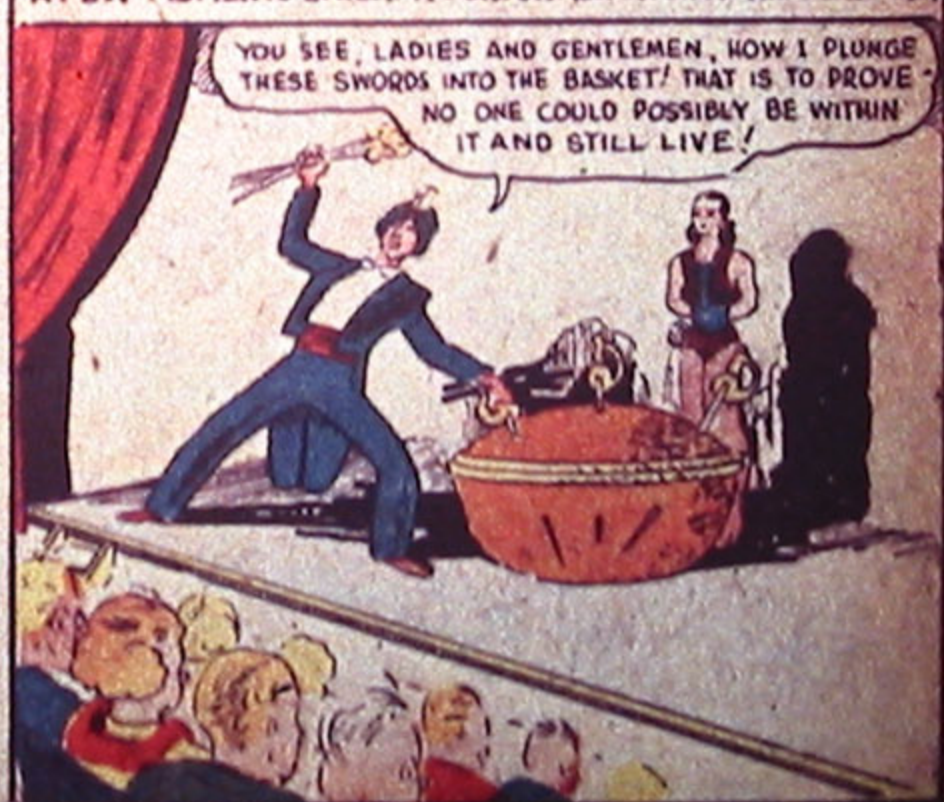
PURSUED BY HIS NEMESIS, SHORTY LEAPS ONTO A PLATFORM AND SEEKS REFUGE WITHIN A BASKET

HE'D NEVER THINK OF LOOKING FOR ME IN HERE!

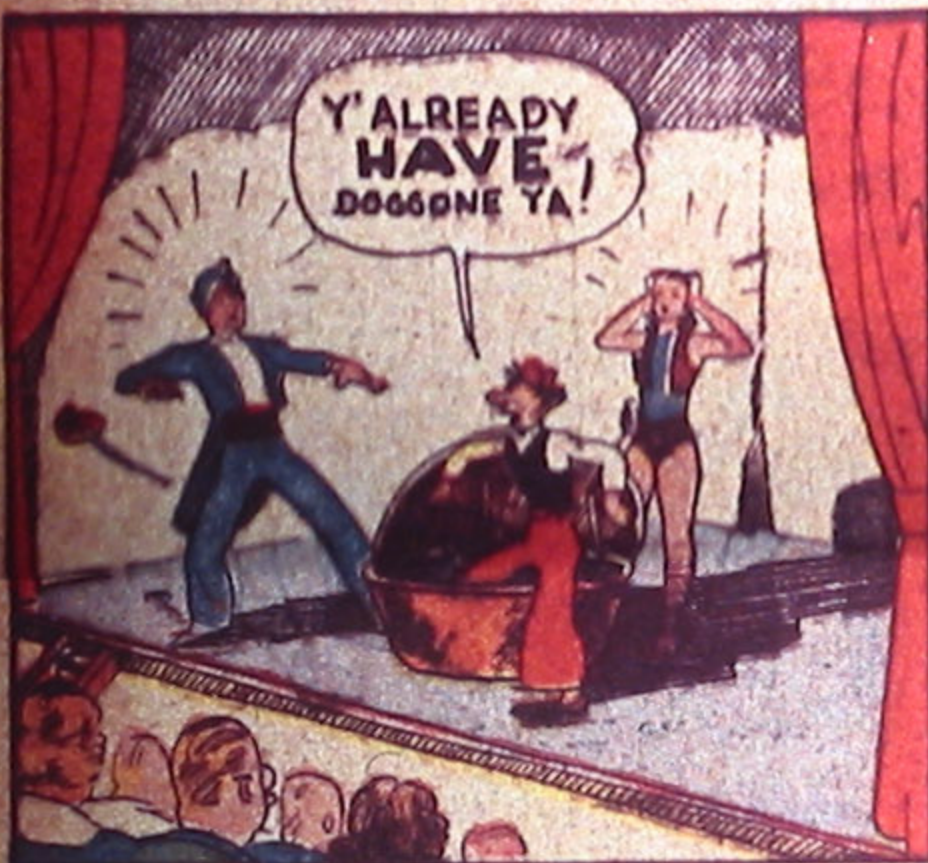


A FEW MOMENTS LATER - A PERFORMER MOUNTS THE PLATFORM

YOU SEE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, HOW I PLUNGE THESE SWORDS INTO THE BASKET! THAT IS TO PROVE NO ONE COULD POSSIBLY BE WITHIN IT AND STILL LIVE!



LUCKILY FOR SHORTY, HE IS WITHIN A TRICK BASKET AND THE KNIVES narrowly MISS HIM!



SHORTY DASHES THROUGH A CURTAIN AT THE PLATFORMS REAR - THE NEXT MOMENT KNIVES HURTLT FORWARD AND ARE BURIED IN THE WALL A SCANT INCH FROM HIS NOSE AND EARS -



# THE SURPRISE HOUSE

THERE'S A GUY FOLLOWING US, BUCK, SEE THAT HE REGRETS IT!

OK, BOSS



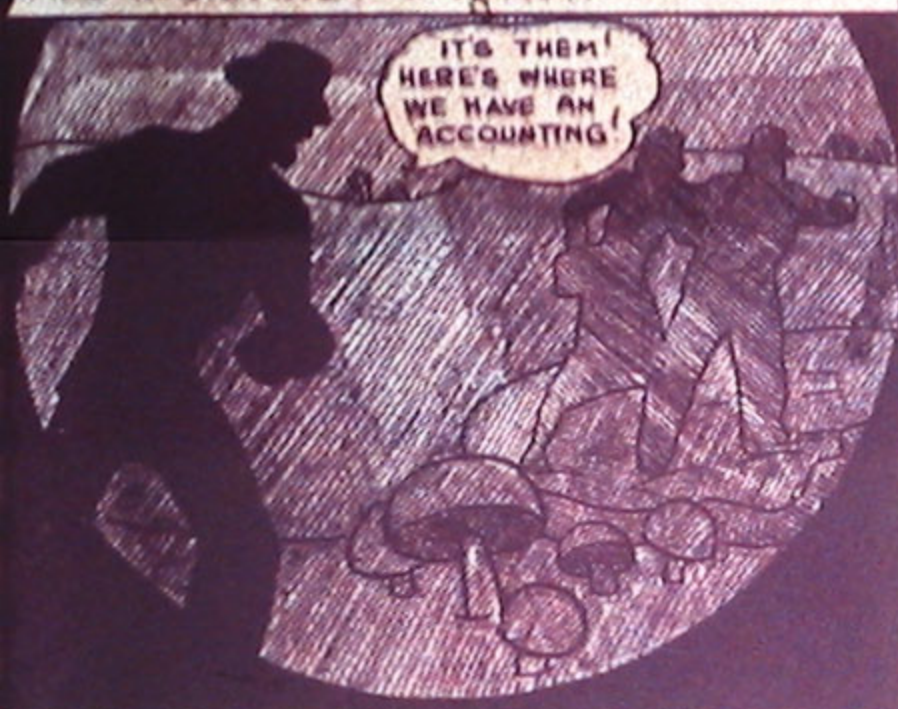
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

WELL THIS IS THE SURPRISE HOUSE, ISN'T IT?



ONCE WITHIN THE SHADOWY CATACOMBS OF THE SURPRISE HOUSE - SLAM SIGHTS TWO INDISTINCT FIGURES - - -

IT'S THEM! HERE'S WHERE WE HAVE AN ACCOUNTING!



GOT YOU!

EEK

WHAT TH-



OH, I-BEG YOUR PARDON - I THOUGHT -

WELL YOU'RE WRONG

SUCH NERVE! ELMER - ADMONISH HIM



SLAM CONTINUES ONWARD - - - BUSHING - - - REERING - - - SEARCHING - - - SURPRISING - - - LOVERS, STUMB- LING INTO HYST- ERICAL OLD MAIDS WANDERING FROM ONE PART OF THE CONCESSION TO ANOTHER - YET FINDING NOTHING OF THE TWO HE SEES

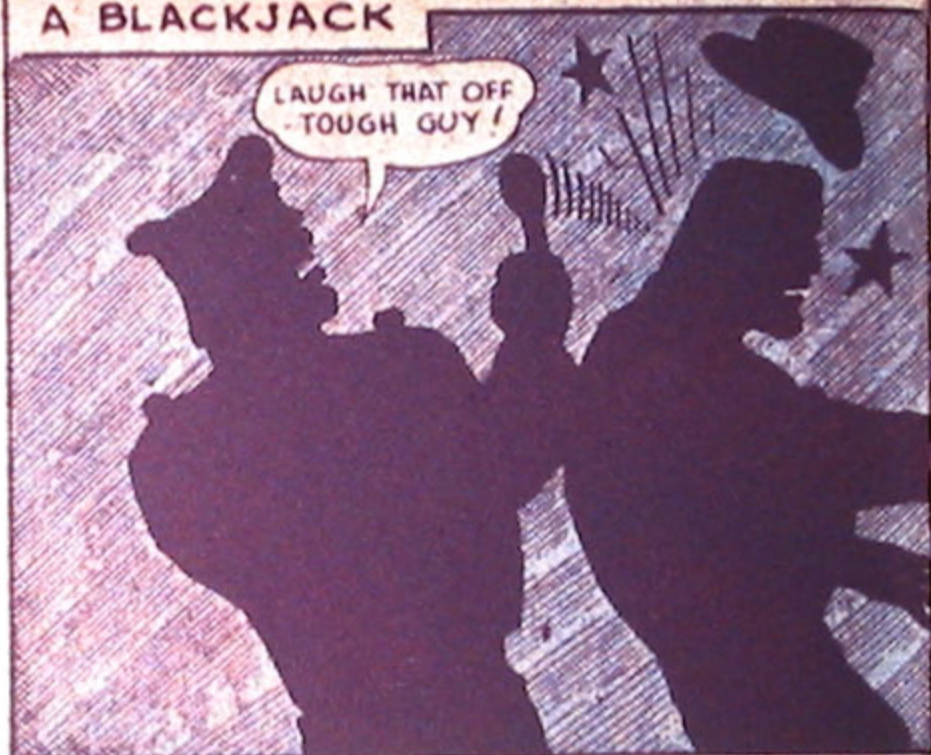
THEY SURE PICKED THE RIGHT PLACE TO HIDE IN -



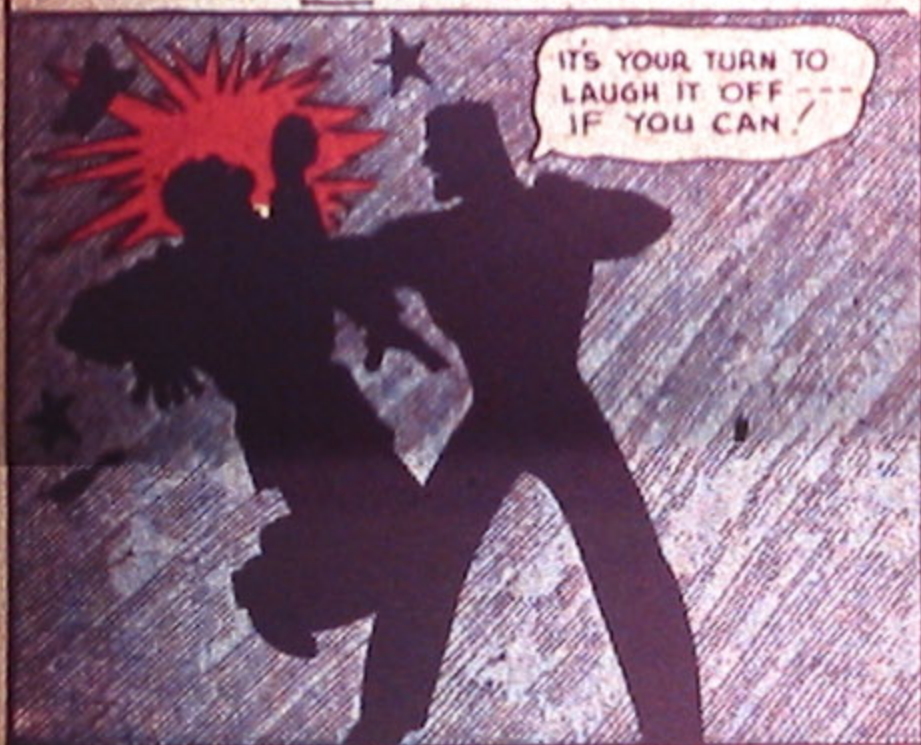
SLAM DOES NOT REALIZE HE IS BEING STALKED! AS HE ENTERS A DARK TURN-



-- BUCK SPRINGS FORWARD AND CRASHES HIM A WICKED BLOW BEHIND THE HEAD WITH A BLACKJACK



SLAM WHIRLS! IT TAKES MORE THAN A STIFF BLOW TO PUT HIM OUT OF COMMISSION--



LISTEN, YOU LIZARD! WHERE DO YOU PREFER TO GO! TO YOUR LEADER, OR TO THE UNDERTAKER?

I-I'LL T-TAKE YOU TO "THE BOSS"!



THE APPARENTLY COWED BUCK LEADS SLAM TO AN EMPLOYEE'S ENTRANCE - BUT AS SLAM STEPS THROUGH - - -

REACH FOR THE CEILING-SUCKER!

WELL, WELL, THIS MUST BE OLD HOME WEEK! WOULD IT BE TOO INDELICATE OF ME TO MENTION THAT YOU OWE ME 3 HUNDRED BUCKS?

FORGET IT! MONEY WOULD BE WASTED IF GIVEN TO A CORPSE - AND YOU'RE AS GOOD AS ONE RIGHT NOW--



MAYBE I'M EXCEPTIONALLY DUMB, BUT I DON'T GET THE DRIFT OF ALL THIS - YOU PAY ME TO DELIVER AN ENVELOPE TO A PARTY - THEN SOMEONE ELSE SWIPES THE ENVELOPE - AND YOU APPEAR TO BE PAL'S WITH THEM, TOO!

TIP HIM OFF, D'ARCY, AND PUT TH' DUMB CLUCK OUT OF HIS MISERY

SURE - HE'LL NEVER TELL NOBODY ANYWAY



I'M IN THE EMPLOY OF ONE MOB AND FINALLY SECURE SOME IMPORTANT INFORMATION THEY WANT - THEN ANOTHER MOB - HEADED BY MY FRIEND HERE, LEARNS OF IT AND GIVES ME A BETTER OFFER -



NATURALLY, I WANT TO ACCEPT THE BETTER OFFER - BUT DON'T WANT MY PREVIOUS - AH - "ASSOCIATES" TO KNOW OF MY PERFDY - AND SO WHAT IS MORE SIMPLE THAN THAT I HIRE SOME MUSCLE - BOUND YAP TO DELIVER THE INFORMATION TO MY MOB?



THE YAP LOSES THE ENVELOPE CONTAINING THE INFORMATION - I CANNOT RECALL THE PRECISE DATA - AND THE ONLY CONSOLING THOUGHT I CHERISH IS THAT THE SECOND MOB PAYS ME HANDSOMELY

THE PERFECT DOUBLE-CROSS



AND I AM THE YAP!

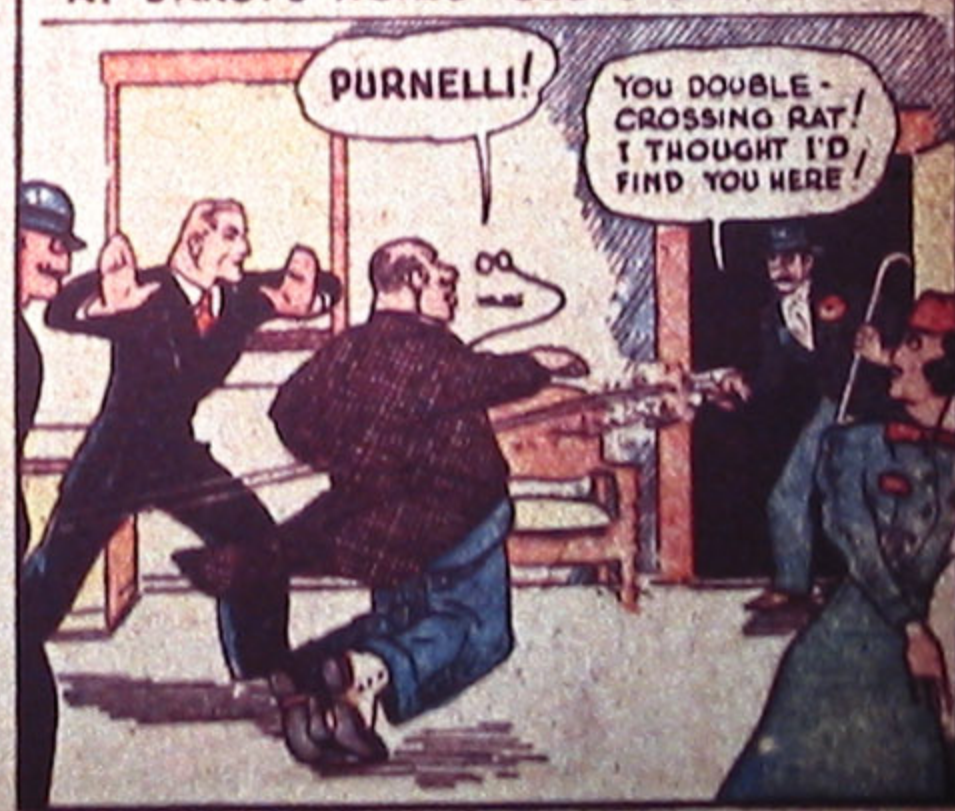
CORRECT! AND IN A MOMENT YOU WILL BE A VERY DEAD YAP!



AT D'ARCY'S WORDS - SHOTS BREAK OUT

PURNELLI!

YOU DOUBLE-CROSSING RAT! I THOUGHT I'D FIND YOU HERE!



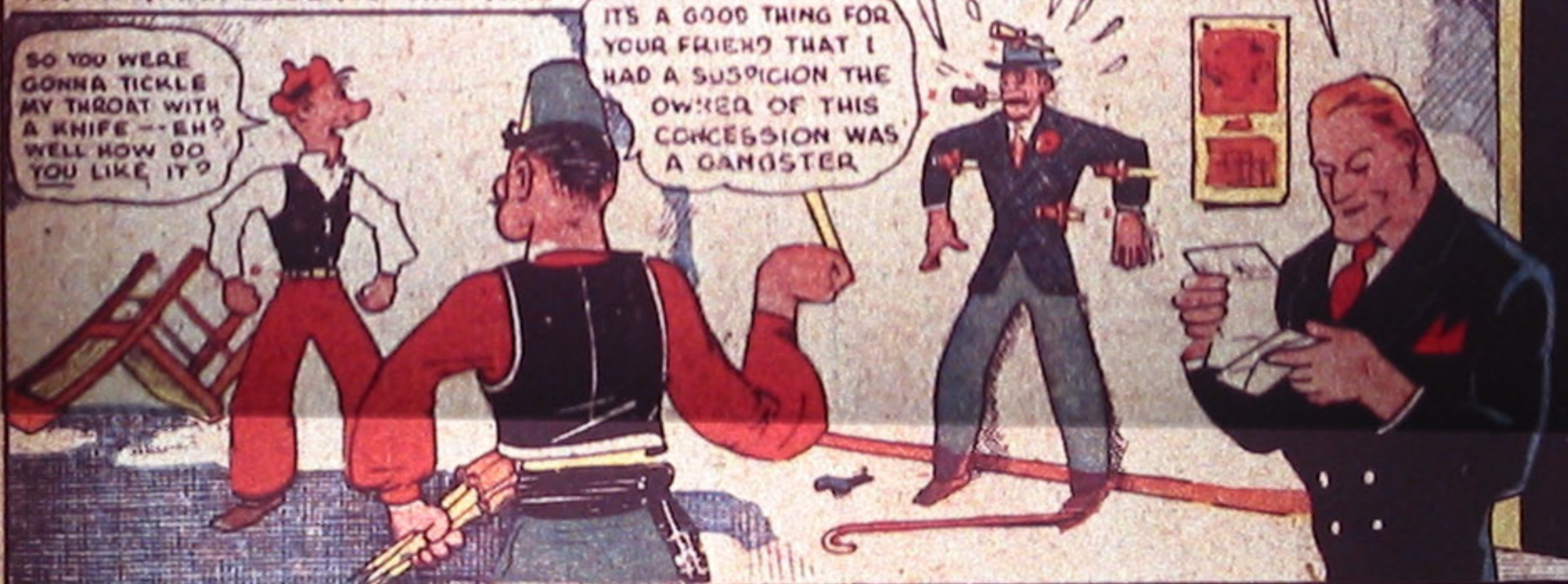
EVERYONE LEAPS TO REFUGE -  
A FURIOUS GUN BATTLE FOLLOWS



PURNELLI PICKS OFF HIS OPPONENTS ONE BY ONE  
BUT WHEN HE MAKES A BREAK FOR THE EN-  
VELOPE - WHICH HAS FALLEN TO THE FLOOR -  
HE IS FACED BY SLAM



PURNELLI SHOTS WILDLY AT SLAM - BUT  
BEFORE HE CAN TAKE CAREFUL AIM - A  
BARRAGE OF KNIVES FLASH OUT AND  
PIN HIM, HELPLESS, TO THE WALL



WELL, WHAT'S  
ON THE SHEET?

THE COMBINATION OF A  
SAFE ---- AND ON THE  
FIRST NATIONAL BANK'S  
STATIONERY! DARCY MUST  
HAVE WORKED THERE AS A  
TELLER!!



DAYS LATER - OFFICE OF THE FIRST  
NATIONAL BANK'S PRESIDENT!!!

YOU SAVED US A FORTUNE!  
I AM VERY PLEASED TO  
PRESENT THIS \$5,000  
CHECK TO YOU ON BEHALF  
OF OUR DIRECTORS  
AND MYSELF!!

MERE CHICKEN-FEED  
SHORTY! THE NEW CASE  
WE START ON IN  
FIFTEEN MINUTES  
PAYS US A \$25,000  
FEE

NOT HALF AS  
PLEASED AS  
WE ARE TO  
GET IT!



\$25,000 SOUNDS LIKE A LOT OF MONEY --  
BUT IF SLAM AND SHORTY KNEW THEY WERE WALKING  
INTO CERTAIN DEATH, WOULD THEY TAKE THE CASE?  
YOU BET THEY WOULD! DON'T MISS NEXT ISSUE!

LOOK!



FOR THE NEXT ISSUE  
of DETECTIVE COMICS!

**TALK-SING-PLAY**  
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